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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

SOME further correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Adams, in respect of the *Alabama* claims, has been published since our last. The most important part of it is a note in which the noble earl replies at considerable length, and it seems to us with entire success, to the arguments brought forward by the United States Minister in a previous communication. In that letter Mr. Adams remarked that, if it were once established that a neutral Power is the sole judge of the degree to which it has done its duty to belligerents, under a code of its own making, the only competition hereafter between neutral Powers would be, not which should do most, but which should do least to fulfil its obligations of interdiction of the enterprise and industry of its people in promoting conflicts on the ocean. But, as Earl Russell remarks, however inconvenient this principle may be, it is not a new one. On the contrary, it has always been acted upon by neutrals, and has been firmly maintained by the Government of the United States, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Portugal and other Powers who have felt themselves aggrieved. Another complaint made by Mr. Adams was, that we had not altered our Foreign Enlistment Act, so as to make it equally effective with the act in operation in the United States. The Foreign Secretary, however, observes that it is a mistake to suppose that the latter act was successful in preventing the fitting out of privateers from the American ports, as is shown by the fact "that the complaints of the Portuguese Ministers of captures and plundering by American privateers were more frequent, and extended to a larger amount of property, after 1818 (when the act was passed) than they had done from 1816 to 1818." Nor is that all, for he also shows, in the clearest manner, that if the 10th and 11th sections of the Act of Congress had been in operation in England, they could not have prevented the escape either of the *Shenandoah* or of the steam-rams. They would not have applied to the former, because she was not a vessel "manifestly built for warlike purposes;" and they would have been useless for the purpose of stopping the latter. They would merely have given the Government power to insist on a bond, for double the value of the ships and cargo, that they should not be employed against the United States; and it is clear that the Confederates would have been only too glad to get the vessels even at the cost of indemnifying the builders against the forfeiture of such an obligation. Yet, with the exception of these two clauses, the English and the American Acts are the same; and it is easy to show that her Majesty's Ministers have put our law in force with at least as much good faith and energy as the United States displayed during the contest between

Spain and Portugal and their revolted colonies. But, although we are of opinion that Earl Russell has triumphantly vindicated the conduct of the Government in this matter, we quite concur with him in thinking that as neither the law of the United States nor our own Foreign Enlistment Act have proved completely efficacious, it is worth consideration whether improvements may not be made in the statutes of both nations, so that, for the future, each Government may have in its own territory as much security, as is consistent with free institutions, against those who act in defiance of the intention of the Sovereign, and evade the letter of the law.

The death of M. Dupin can scarcely be considered a political event, but it is certainly one to which politicians cannot be indifferent. The deceased lawyer and statesman filled, during the greater part of a long life, an important position, and although he has not escaped the reproach of inconsistency, he may fairly be credited with substantial fidelity to the cause of national freedom. At the outset of his career he vigorously opposed the Napoleon dynasty. After the restoration of the Bourbons he played, as an advocate, a courageous part in the numerous State prosecutions which they were so ill-advised as to institute. In the revolution of 1830 he was one of the most conspicuous actors; and during the reign of Louis Philippe his career was marked by consideration and prudence. If he leant to the Conservative rather than to the Liberal side of the Chambers during the latter period, his good sense and his natural regard for the free expression of opinion induced him to withhold his sanction from those repressive laws against the press, which have left an ugly blot upon the rule of the citizen king. He was faithful to the Orleans family in adversity, as he had been in prosperity; and although he took office under the Empire, he did not hesitate to resign it on the appearance of the decree confiscating the possessions of the late Royal family. He has been greatly blamed for again accepting place and dignity from a monarch who denied to France the liberty which she had so long enjoyed, and governed her under a system so different from that Constitutional régime of which he had been one of the most distinguished supporters. But great allowance must be made for a man who, recollecting the Reign of Terror, saw in his old age the cycle of revolutions once more commencing. The excesses of the revolutionary party in 1848 naturally disgusted and terrified him, in common with the whole *bourgeois* class to which he so emphatically belonged. He may be excused for thinking that on a choice of evils the supremacy of Napoleon III. was the least. The support which he gave to the Emperor was free from servility; and as a magistrate, at any rate, his independence was never questioned. His abilities, although not of the highest kind,

were of no mean order. He had an acute and penetrating, if not a profound, mind; and he was remarkable amongst his contemporaries for the strong common sense which he always brought to bear on any subject under discussion. Although he was not a great orator, he was a keen, incisive, prompt and skilful debater, while his fearlessness and his rare powers of irony rendered him at all times a formidable antagonist. He was one of the most conspicuous figures in the knot of able men by whom parliamentary government was carried on in France for more than a quarter of a century, and his disappearance from the scene removes one of the few remaining links which connected the last and the present generation of public men in that country.

We receive with great satisfaction from New Zealand an official announcement that the war is at last over. It is true that operations are still in progress against the Hauhaus on the eastern coast; but these seem to be only of a trifling character. Anything like organized or combined resistance on the part of the natives is at an end; and all that remains is to reconcile them to our sway. So far as we can judge, the local Government are setting about this task in the right spirit. They have proclaimed a large and generous amnesty, and the names of their most prominent members are almost a sufficient guarantee that the rights and the feelings of the natives will be respected. On the other hand, they are evidently determined to make their authority respected, and in this they will derive great assistance from the successes gained by the settlers in several recent conflicts.

Spain is apparently determined to be at war with some one. She has only just made peace with Peru, and now her fleet is blockading Chili. It would be a waste of time to enter into any discussion of the grievances which she alleges against the South American Republic, because, whatever these may have been, they had been removed by an arrangement entered into by the Spanish Minister at Valparaiso. The real cause of the present high-handed proceedings seems to be a notion that an indemnity may be extorted from Chili, in the same way that one was obtained from Peru. But it is doubtful whether the Chilians are made of squeezable materials. They have a settled Government; they are brave and not unskilled in war; and even if they were left to themselves, they would probably be able to make a stout resistance. At the best, it would be a very hazardous policy to attempt to replenish the exhausted treasury of Spain by such a war. But it is not likely that Chili will be left without an ally. So tempting an opportunity for showing themselves the protectors of the American Republics is not likely to be thrown away by the United States. Their powerful Pacific squadron would soon dispose of the Spanish ships; nor would any European Power take umbrage at such an act of intervention. Both our interests and our feelings are on the side of the Chilians, and not on that of the Spaniards; and if it be true that her most Catholic Majesty's Admiral has been directed to bombard Valparaiso, we may expect to hear that the attempt to execute so barbarous an order has been prevented by the combined strength of the various fleets on the coast.

The Deak party in Hungary have met and agreed upon the policy which they are to pursue in the forthcoming Diet. As there is no doubt that they will have a majority in that assembly, we may gather from the heads of the address they have adopted a very clear idea of the demands which they will make upon the Emperor of Austria. They propose to ask that the ancient constitutional right of Hungary shall continue to form the basis of all further negotiations between Austria and Hungary; that the integrity of Hungary, as constituted until the year 1849, forming one kingdom with Croatia and Slavonia, shall be re-established; that a responsible Government shall be formed for Hungary; that comitats shall be provisionally re-established on the basis of the laws passed by the Hungarian Diet of 1848; and that the means for conducting the Hungarian administration shall only be granted on condition that Government render an account to the country, and remain responsible for the employment of the funds voted. So far as we understand these terms, they amount to the establishment of two independent legislatures, each supreme, each directing the finances and controlling the policy of the country subject to it, and only connected together by the scarcely more than nominal tie of the Sovereign. If the Hungarians insist upon them, they must be conceded, because Francis Joseph must have money, and he can only obtain it by patching up some

kind of accommodation with his Magyar subjects. But it is clear that the concession implies the disruption of the Austrian empire at no distant date. As Lord Macaulay said in his great speech on the repeal of the Union with Ireland, "You cannot have one executive power and two real parliaments; two parliaments possessing such powers as the Parliament of this country has possessed since the Revolution; two parliaments to the deliberate sense of which the Sovereign must conform. If they differ, how can he conform to the sense of both? The thing is as plain as a proposition in Euclid." What is to happen, for instance, if the Hungarian parliament and the Austrian parliament differ about the defence of Venetia or the negotiation of a commercial treaty? There will be no means, save civil war, of deciding between them, unless some supreme authority be provided. But not only is there no hint of such a thing in the propositions, but the idea seems to be excluded by their whole tenour. The Hungarians are apparently determined to make the House of Hapsburg drink, to the last drop, the cup of bitterness which they have prepared for themselves. We cannot say that we see this with any satisfaction. We should have been glad if there had been more disposition on their part to assist in converting the Austrian empire into one great constitutional and federal State, under conditions which should leave each province to regulate its own internal affairs. But after all that has occurred, we cannot affect any surprise that the Magyars should cling resolutely to their ancient privileges and their historical independence.

THE JAMAICA MASSACRES.

THE "irrepressible negro" has drawn the eyes of the world upon himself again, on a new stage and in a forgotten, though not a new character. While the "nigger-worshippers" of the United States are claiming for the newly-emancipated slaves of the South the fullest measure of civil rights and privileges, the long-enfranchised blacks of Jamaica have come forward to "point the moral" with blood-reeking knives. It needs not the "scraping," by means of which the Russian is discovered to be a Tartar, to see that the emancipated "man and brother" of the Antilles is simply an Ashantee who has changed his latitude. The atrocities of San Domingo have been renewed in Jamaica; but whatever palliation could be pleaded in the former case for slaves maddened into insurrection by the cruelties of their masters, the latter outbreak has no justly assignable cause and no shadow of reasonable excuse. To talk, as Sir Morton Peto did at Bristol the other day, of the transfer of their duties by West Indian proprietors to "attorneys and agents," as affording even an intelligible explanation of deeds which have shocked and horrified both hemispheres, seems to us about the most nauseating depth to which humanitarian twaddle could descend. West Indian proprietors have not been, perhaps, as a general rule, the most industrious or provident of men; but the embarrassments which have, in so many instances, reduced them to beggary, and which have necessitated, as in Ireland, the establishment of a special court for the sale of their estates, arose in a great degree from causes for which they were not in any way responsible, and which, indeed, they would have been only too glad to prevent had they been able. We do not believe that any one thinks, and we are sure that no one can prove, that, as a class, and in this generation, they have done anything to deserve the barbarous and horrible treatment which many of them have just received.

The district of St. Thomas-in-the-East, on the shores of Morant Bay, has been the principal theatre of the recent atrocities. A certain Paul Bogle, previously enjoying amongst his neighbours of every colour the highest character for "civility, quietness, and good conduct"—being, in fact, a man of strong religious character—was the organizer and leader of the mischief. Next to him in authority and influence was a "Captain" Grant. Armed, no doubt, with that well-worn piece of cutlery, "the sword of the Lord and Gideon," Mr. Bogle mustered his black bands for the extermination of those white neighbours with whom they had dwelt together in peace and apparent amity for so many years. We spare our readers a detailed account of their proceedings, but a few samples will give a sufficient idea of their character. Upon the first announcement of danger, the principal inhabitants of St. Thomas seem to have taken refuge in the Court-house, and prepared to defend themselves there as best they could. It was attacked and broken into by the insurgents, when its defenders

retreated into the school-house adjoining, which they had scarcely entered when, from some cause which we do not find satisfactorily explained, the roof fell in. As many as escaped from the crash were forced into the open street, "Through-out," says the *Jamaica Colonial Standard*, "the people protested that they would not kill the doctors, because they were wanted. Dr. Gerard was drawn from his place of concealment, and was about to be struck down, when he exclaimed, 'I am Dr. Gerard,' and the murderers desisted. He had, however, no influence to save any one. Mr. Ratty, who clung to him, was torn away and despatched before his eyes. Mr. Hitchins, faint and horribly mutilated, staggered towards him, and, throwing his arms around his neck, could only gasp out, 'I am weak, doctor; I can scarcely stand.' While he stood in this position, the savages were striking into his back and neck with their cutlasses, and Dr. Gerard could feel the rebound of the blows. At last the unfortunate gentleman relaxed his hold of the doctor, and sank down, literally hacked to pieces." During the attack on the Court-house, the Baron von Kettelholdt, custos or principal magistrate of the place, received a mortal wound in the breast. Others were severely wounded. "Mr. A. Cooke and Mr. M'Pherson hid under the flooring, but the glare of the fire betrayed them, and they were pulled out and butchered. The Rev. Mr. Herschel, knocked down on his knees, in vain sued for mercy and offered ransom; the blows fell thick upon him till he was laid low, and while his heart yet beat a woman cut out his tongue and held it up in triumph. Cheer after cheer rung through the fiendish band after each new act of atrocity." When the carnage was over, "the rioters announced that they would soon return for their own dead, but vowed vengeance upon any one who would touch the other bodies, as they wished such to remain like dead dogs for the 'John Crows.'" The fanatical wretches then retired to the Baptist chapel "to have a prayer-meeting, and to thank God for their success." They spent half an hour in psalm-singing, and then one of their leaders addressed them, "pointing to the favour which the Almighty had shown in delivering their enemies into their hands," and encouraging them to further deeds of bloodshed, "as ordained to them by God for their deliverance." If we may believe the Kingston correspondent of the *New York Daily News*, "the whites who have fallen into the hands of these savages have been doomed to slaughter without distinction of age or sex. They tear out the tongues of their victims, cut off the breasts of women, strangle and mutilate little children, and practise all the enormities that render the record of the insurrection in St. Domingo the darkest page of history."

It is only just, however, to remark, that the spirit of insurrection and slaughter does not seem to have extended to the whole island, or to all of African blood among its inhabitants. The soldiers of the West India regiments have behaved well, and justified the reliance placed on them by their officers. Numbers of other negroes, also, whether employed as servants or working for themselves, have shown a creditable spirit of humanity. The energetic measures of repression taken by all the authorities, aided by the re-inforcements promptly dispatched from every available point, have before now, we hope, put a stop to all further disturbances, and made the blood-thirsty rioters amenable to retributive justice. But, even though the worst were over, and the horrible example set in Jamaica should not spread to the other islands of the West Indies or even further, these sad events convey a lesson and a warning, too late for us to profit by, but which are likely to be useful to other nations. We did well to strike the shackles from the negro's limbs in our colonial possessions; and the names of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton deserve, as they have received, a high and honoured place amongst the benefactors of their kind. But our action in the matter, if not precipitate, was at least ill-considered and ill-devised. We set loose a race of imperfectly reclaimed savages upon a soil so prolific as to minister to their necessities with scarcely any effort of their own. We gave them at once all the rights and civil privileges of freemen. This was to stimulate at one stroke the vanity and the laziness which are among their strongest characteristics. The negro who accompanied his master to England, and said that in this country "hog was the only gentleman," because men and beasts of every other kind had all some sort of work to do, gave expression to a sentiment which the Jamaica negro fondly cherishes. Idleness is his standard of nobility, and therefore he leads the life of a hog as nearly as possible. He is, if travellers do not greatly slander him, incorrigibly lazy, shamelessly vicious, often brutally depraved. Faith in the fetish and the Obi woman is at the bottom of such sort of religion as he possesses, modified by a Christianity which seems a grotesque caricature of the fanaticism of the

Scotch Covenanters. It is an incident much to be regretted that some ministers of the Baptist persuasion, to which the negroes of Jamaica generally adhere, incited them to insurrection just before their emancipation some thirty years ago; and therefore such faint hold as the Gospel has upon them is traditionally linked with the memory of a rebellion that was successful at least in its results.

It is pretty clear, though it sounds like an economic paradox, that the less the negro is brought into market, the lower will be the value set upon him. We might confidently predict a success almost equal to that which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had in its day, for a new novel which should deal with the negro of reality as contrasted with the negro of romance. The writer might not become the guest of ducal mansions, nor inspire episcopal orators in the House of Lords; but he or she would do some service to the cause of truth: and, by the way, it is somewhat remarkable that those aristocratic circles in which Mrs. Beecher Stowe was so favourably received, gave for the most part their sympathies to the South in the recent civil war. But it seems to become a generally-received opinion, if it is not possible to give the races of emancipated Africans some territory to themselves, and that they are of necessity to live amongst, and to be civilly and politically, if not physically, incorporated with nations of European descent, that it will not be well to give them much of their own way. They are, at the best, too much like children, too wayward and impulsive, to be entrusted with the use of weapons which men alone can safely handle. Educate them, civilize them, Christianize them as best you can, and with God's blessing you will do them much good. Enfranchise them too, if you will, and as they show themselves worthy. Leave them such toys as may amuse, and such tools as may be used by them; but have a care of putting anything very sharp into their hands, with which they might happen to cut their own fingers, and, very possibly, your throat.

SIR MORTON PETO ON REFORM.

SIR MORTON PETO has discovered a policy for Government and a recreation for the public. His mind, as befits the constructor of his own fortunes, and the greatest railway contractor in the world, is capable of seizing and improving any new idea which circumstances may suggest as likely to be profitable; and his recent tour in America has doubtless furnished him with the idea that he now offers to us. He went there as chairman and leader of a self-appointed commission of British capitalists. Their object was to examine for themselves the inducements and securities offered by America for the investment of their cash. Such an inquiry is generally, in this world, made as pleasant to the examiner as can possibly be managed by the examinee. It was no peculiar acuteness in Yankee shrewdness, therefore, which made the progress of Sir Morton's party through the land which they desired to favour with their loans a perpetual glow of sunshine. Everywhere they were received by the chief dignitaries of the place, were fed on the richest American delicacies of oratory, and were passed on to the next stage of their journey with that touching tribute of personal esteem, which consists in having one's hotel bills paid for one. At last, having shaken hands with Mr. Johnson, talked with General Grant, and been entertained at a farewell banquet in which the duty of peace and the profits of mutual confidence and judicious international advances were enthusiastically dwelt upon, they returned to our own colder shores. It was not in human nature that Sir Morton should not be pleased with such an autumnal trip. And when he seizes the first opportunity after his return to tell his constituents at Bristol how great and prosperous the States are, we have no wish to offer a word of objection. We sincerely congratulate our American brethren in having succeeded in making it plain to so very moneyed a party of tourists that their country offers the most eligible of all possible fields of investment. But Sir Morton comes back to a changed England. Lord Palmerston is dead, and Earl Russell is Premier, and Mr. Gladstone is leader of the Commons, and people are everywhere talking of the certainty of a new and large Reform Bill, and Sir Morton remembers that he was elected a few months ago to support such a Bill, and he reflects that if it is brought in and carried with such unhoped-for speed, there will very likely be a new election for Bristol very soon. Now an election for Bristol is "not so pleasant, profitable neither," as a tour in the capacity of a millionaire jingling his money in his pockets among a nation of very wide-awake borrowers. But the disagreeable comparison suggests the remedy. Why not have a commission to examine the boroughs in England, and hang up Reform till it shall report? It would

be as enjoyable as the American progress. Every small borough which trembled for disfranchisement, and every large borough which sighs for a member, would send out its mayor with peace offerings in his hand. The commissioners would be waited on with the alacrity of subserviency, and the fervour of local patriotism. They would see England, as Sir Morton has seen America, in its most Arcadian aspect. The model voters would be brought up for their inspection in the town-hall; the drunken voters would all have been apprehended by the police a few days previously, and sentenced by the magistrates to long periods of imprisonment. The "Blue Lions" and the "Green Bears," head-quarters of the rival factions, would have their portals decked with lilies of the valley and primroses—typical of purity and simplicity. A general sense of politeness would pervade the locality, and those who were irreclaimably disreputable would be bribed to represent themselves as inhabitants of the next borough, which ought to be at once disfranchised. Statistics would be produced to show that the standard of education was quite exceptionally high, and returns to prove that all the free men took their families to church and subscribed to missions. The result would probably be that the commission would report in favour of continuing the representation to every borough which already has a member, and of giving it to every borough which has not. This might be thought a too comprehensive measure, but it would at least afford a useful basis of discussion to Sir Morton Peto and the other 657 members of the actual House of Commons.

We are very sorry to interpose a doubt against an arrangement which would at once raise our opinion of England and defer the election for Bristol, but we fear there is an insuperable objection. Sir Morton's idea is too late. Had he only gone to America during summer, and come back to Bristol for the election, it might then have struck him, and then it would have been in time. In that case he would have proposed it as his own policy, and made it the battle-flag of the contest. The Bristol electors would have had the opportunity of rallying to the cry of "Peto and a Reform Commission." But, unfortunately they had not this choice, and they rallied to the cry of "Peto and a Reform Bill." So, having decided on a Bill, it is a little too late now to propose an inquiry. They may have been rash. Sir Morton undoubtedly was rash. He committed himself, without inquiry. But he is excusable, for the country, generally, committed itself in the same way. It elected a majority pledged to support a Reform Bill, which is quite a different thing from being pledged to support a Commission. Sir Morton says, indeed, that the country is not in haste and is quite willing to wait a year or two. How does he know? Was his own election carried by advocating the policy of waiting a year or two? Did he on the hustings demand the suffrages of Bristol on the ground that it was premature to talk of a Bill for some years to come, but that it was most desirable to have a Commission? And if Bristol thus fails to supply evidence to support his new doctrine, how can he undertake to speak for the country, and to say, "We are willing to wait a year or two?" Millionaires have, indeed, a very common trick of this rotund "we." The sovereigns in their pockets are apt to give them the sense of forming a majority. But unluckily sovereigns have not a separate vote, and so the emphatic "we" of private life, is apt to find itself only a small "I" in public. Sir Morton, it may be feared, will discover that the real "we" are not quite so satisfied to let things alone for a year or two as the newly-elected member for Bristol is. The constituencies which, even under Lord Palmerston, exacted a pledge from their representatives to support a measure of Reform will hardly be content to think the pledge redeemed by voting against any measure of Reform until a roving Borough Commission has inspected England, and reported on the comparative morals and accomplishments of shoemakers in Northamptonshire, and cotton-spinners in Lancashire. There is a tolerably wide-spread sense that one part of England is a good deal like another, much too like at least to admit of any practical distinction; and when this is felt, the census supplies us with all the rest of the information we care to have. Delicate balancing of rival "interests" may be extremely useful to serve as topics for a debate which is not intended to come to anything, but the resolution which the country expressed at the last election was not that interests should be balanced, but that broad justice should be done, and perilous distinctions abrogated. If Sir Morton Peto honestly thinks otherwise, he ought frankly to have said so before, not after, his election.

No doubt, indeed, Sir Morton only speaks what most of his fellow-members feel. It has been so comfortable to jog along, session after session, with nothing but Mr. Gladstone's Budget

to give the small excitement of a harmless debate, that they are very unwilling to face any question of larger principle. And the election bills are as yet too fresh in memory to render the prospect of being sent back to their constituents for re-election at all comforting. But the pleasantest dreams must come to an end, and the business of life must be met and done, whatever trouble and outlay the doing it may cost. And the terror expressed, and the pressure that will be put on Government to put off the evil day may, perhaps, suggest to Mr. Gladstone a wicked idea of retaliation. If Government, on bringing in a Reform Bill, should let it be understood that if it is not carried they will dissolve, in order to obtain the judgment of the country upon it, how will the advocates of delay, pure and simple, feel then? To carry a motion for preliminary inquiry will be suicidal. It will cause that dissolution which they are so specially anxious to avert. In a dilemma so cruel, and, they will doubtless urge, so improper and unconstitutional, they will be driven to the painful necessity of fulfilling their pledges. A Reform Bill does not necessarily imply immediate dissolution, but only dissolution as soon as convenient. This at any rate will be better than a dissolution at a time and on a question so shockingly inconvenient.

But while such a policy will undoubtedly call down all the reproaches of the Whig members, it will certainly be deemed not only wise, but eminently constitutional, by the Liberal party in the country. It is only of very late years, dating from the Coalition Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, and continued under the reactionary Government of Lord Palmerston, that a question so vital as the representation of the people has not been made one to be pressed by the whole power of the Ministry, and referred at last to the decision of the nation. The pressure first of the Russian, then of the Indian war, the anxieties of the cotton famine, and the public tenderness towards a popular statesman, successively led the nation to assent to the postponement of every question on which difference of opinion could arise. But the continuance of this course would be as injurious to our interests as hostile to the genius of the Constitution. The country must decide, when a point so grave as that of its due representation in Parliament is raised for decision. No Government can now dare to play with a question of such moment. The Ministry which would attempt to evade the responsibility of dealing with it would find itself deserted by the most indispensable of its supporters. But dealing with it decisively, it has only one course. It must make the measure it proposes, a measure by which it is to stand or fall, it must gather up all its forces for the support not only of its existence, but of its principles. It must resolve, if factious opposition meet it in the Legislature, to appeal to the whole nation; but as soon as it makes this resolution known it will find its difficulties vanish. No one doubts that the threat of dissolution in 1861 would have carried the Reform Bill of that year. It is still more certain that the threat of dissolution in 1866 will carry the Reform Bill which may then be proposed. And no one can object to such a threat, save those who, having secured in 1865 an election on a distinct pledge of supporting Reform, are anxious in 1866 to retain their seats without performing their promise. This is in brief what all proposals for preliminary Commissions of Inquiry mean, and the public will not be deceived into accepting them by any pretence so transparently shallow as that Parliament has not sufficient information on a question which it has debated every session for the last twenty years.

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.

By the arrest of the alleged head of all the Republican Centres in Ireland, along with his Cabinet of Three who retired with him on the seizure of the *Irish People* to the suburban asylum of Fairfield House, the Irish Government have probably completed the capture of the entire band of Fenian conspirators. The rising, possible enough three months since, is no longer apprehended; and in three months more the very term Fenianism will have died out of use as completely as did the term Phœnixism in 1859, and Young Irelandism ten years earlier. Notwithstanding the *New York Herald* stories, forged on Mr. Gordon Bennett's anvil to annoy us, of rebellious stirrings in Canada, and of the fitting out of Irish privateers in United States ports, we might in fact dismiss the nauseous topic for ever, were the duty not laid upon the nation of seeing that the law is vindicated against these idiotic plotters in such a way as to show to all others that playing at treason is perilous work. The Government would do wrong in measuring the guilt of those who may be proved guilty, and its deservings, by the folly of their idea, or the futility of their plan, and it will

be but the part of mercy, as well as of wisdom, to make the occasion of the forthcoming trials subserve the purpose of impressing the Irish masses with that respect for law which recent laxness in exacting the penalties decreed for high crimes and misdemeanours has done much to destroy. When clemency is attributed by the pardoned to fear it becomes itself a crime. The release of treasonable conspirators six years ago, with a moral lecture from the Bench, laid the foundations of the Fenian organization, in which the same individuals are supposed to be compromised. But a more grave and becoming treatment of the present cases may tend to repress that love of stratagems and of tumults which, with the Irish populace, is but a form of mischievous levity. Much of the spirit survives among our neighbours twenty years after the great O'Connell agitations, which induced the Roman slave in the play, with little to lose by civil broil, to exclaim, "Let me have war; it exceeds peace as far as day does night—it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent; peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy—muddled, deaf, sleepy, insensible."

These "Celts" had rather—

"Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
The tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly."

For this excitableness, this want of reflection upon consequences, there is no remedy but justice.

The Irish State Trials of 1848 contain a parallel for all the points of law and of fact likely to arise in the trial of the Fenians. The case of John Mitchell in that year, proprietor of the *United Irishmen* newspaper, is the most closely akin to the allegations that have been made against Mr. James Stephens, the director of the *Irish People*, and his friends. Notwithstanding the greater seriousness of the offence charged against the latter in some striking points, he will probably be indicted under the Treason-Felony Act, as Mitchell was. Both designed the establishment of an Irish Republic by force of arms. The principal passage in his paper relied upon against Mitchell was the following:—"Repeal is no priest-movement; it is no money-swindle, nor 'eighty-two' delusion, nor O'Connellism, nor Mullaghmast 'green-cap' stage-play, nor loud-sounding inanity of any sort, got up for any man's profit or praise. It is the mighty, passionate struggle of a nation hastening to be born into new national life, in the which unspeakable throes all the parts and powers and elements of our Irish existence—our confederations, our Protestant repeal associations, our clubs, cliques, and committees, amid confusions enough and the saddest jostling and jumbling, are all inevitably tending, however unconsciously, to one and the same illustrious goal—not a local legislature, not a return to 'our ancient Constitution,' not a golden link, or a patchwork Parliament, or a College-green chapel-of-ease to St. Stephen's—but an Irish Republic, one and indivisible." How was this Republic to be established? Mitchell continued:—"In arms, my countrymen, in arms: thus, and not otherwise, have ever nations of men sprung to liberty and power. . . I tell you, the light has at length come upon us; the flowery spring of this year is the dawning of our day, and before the cornfields of Ireland are white for the reaper, our eyes shall see the sun flashing gloriously, if the heavens be kind to us, on a hundred thousand pikes!" It was expounded by the judges, Baron Lefroy (now Chief Justice) and Mr. Justice Moore, that this writing would have been treason, as evidence of a treasonable intent, if Mitchell had been indicted under the statute of Edward III. The treason defined in that ancient enactment had two parts—the compassing of the death of and the levying of war against the sovereign. The 36th of George III. made the law more stringent by declaring the compassing the deposition of the sovereign, by the expression of that design to be in itself a substantive treason, and not merely, as before, evidence to support the charge of compassing the sovereign's death. The 57th Geo. III. made the previous Act perpetual; but there was some doubt whether it extended to Ireland, which was not named in the Act. In April, 1848, however, to meet the Irish cases then arising, the Act known as the Treason-Felony Act was passed, making both the former treasons felonies, and assimilating the law so far in both countries. The terms are the same as in the 57th Geo. III., with regard to deposing and levying of war, but the penalty is reduced to transportation for life. The application of this Treason-Felony statute to the case of Mitchell was thus forcibly justified during the trial in 1848 by one of the ablest men at the Irish Bar, Mr. Jonathan Henn, who acted for the Crown:—"Gentlemen of the jury, he is first charged with compassing and intending to depose the Queen. I will ask you this one plain and simple question, is it possible for any one to compass, imagine, or

invent to deprive the Queen of the United Kingdom of that portion of her dominions called Ireland, without deposing her from the name, style, and honour of the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom? Does she remain Queen of the United Kingdom if you establish a republic in Ireland? Is a republic consistent with the existence of a sovereign at all? . . . If a man seeks to erect an independent republic, 'one and indivisible,' here, is it not a mockery to say to you, as men of intelligence, that that does not amount to an intention to depose the sovereign from the royal name, style, and honour of the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom?"

The charge against the Fenians is, that their oath indicated, and that all their efforts tended towards, the establishment of a Republic in Ireland. The case, then, supposing it to be established against them, will place them at least in the position Mitchell held and in former days would have involved them necessarily in the guilt of high treason. The probability is, that the Crown lawyers will indict them under the Act of 1848, and not under the ancient statute, remembering that on the first trial of Thistlewood the prosecution failed through the supposed attempt to strain the law. The bearing of the Act of Edward on the case as alleged against them is a question entirely for those lawyers; but as several of the prisoners have been arrested on the charge of high treason, a reference may be made to the exposition of the law of Edward given by the Irish Lord Chief Justice in dealing with the indictment against Mr. Smith O'Brien for that offence. Overt acts of compassing the King's death were, he said, high treason, though the object of none of them was the personal one of taking the Sovereign's life, if only it were to get the person of the King into the conspirator's power; and an "attack on the Sovereign power of the State" was sufficient to bring the criminal within the comprehension of the statute. Lord Tenterden was also quoted as having added—"Other offences which are not so personal have, with great propriety, been brought within the same rule, as having a tendency, though not so immediate, to the same fatal end; and, therefore, the entering into measures in concert with foreigners and others, in order to an invasion of the kingdom, or going into a foreign country, or even proposing to go thither to that end, or taking any steps in order thereto, are overt acts of compassing the king's death," and therefore high treason. "The design against the king's life and his imperial authority," said the Chief Justice again, "is the offence created by the statute." Words, he added, do not constitute an act of high treason; it is only in connection with acts that they become evidence of intention. The other kind of treason under the Act of Edward—that of levying war—must, the Judge declared, be evidence of an insurrection and actual force, and the purpose of the insurrection must be to sever a part of the kingdom, as Ireland, from the remainder, and erect it into an independent power. It was held, during the same trials, as may have been already inferred, that the statute of Edward III. exists (as Mr. Justice Perrin said) "in all its force and vigour in Ireland." This opinion was declared during a judgment "in error," wherein the prisoners alleged, among other things, that "it is not, and never was, high treason to levy war against the Sovereign of these realms in Ireland." The Court held that the Act of Edward III. was made the law of Ireland by Poyning's Act. That Act was referred to in the 5th of George III., the Irish statute, and continued in force in Ireland. The objection was accordingly pronounced to be "utterly insupportable." Mr. Justice Moore, on the same occasion, went farther and considered it quite impossible to contend that at common law, independent altogether of the operation of the statute of the 25th Edward III., or of Poyning's Act, to levy war against the Crown would not be high treason in Ireland.

THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF ITALY.

In all constitutionally-governed countries the Ministers find it necessary to maintain a more constant intercourse with the nation than that which is afforded by the regular session of Parliament. A country which is self-governed and has grown accustomed to take an interest in its own affairs cannot wait weeks or months for information as to the policy of its rulers. It must from time to time have a glimpse of the future that is in store for it, and expects to be kept informed of the principles upon which men in office are proceeding. In England, as we all know, this information is given by speeches delivered during the recess, either to the constituents of the chief Ministers, or on certain occasions like the Lord Mayor's banquet, on which custom has conferred a conventional importance. Imitating us in this, as they have done in many

other points of constitutional practice, the Italian Ministers are beginning to address their countrymen at large, through the medium of assemblies of the electors whom they represent. We feel quite at home as we read of Signor Sella, the Minister of Finance, visiting the borough of Cossato, for which he is deputy; dining with his political friends in the town-hall, and then proceeding to enlighten them upon their financial position and prospects. It takes us, indeed, a little by surprise when we find him going minutely into the details of a budget not yet laid before the Chambers. That is a stage beyond the frankness of an English Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we cannot help thinking that it is one likely to be attended with serious inconveniences. However, it can hardly be expected that Italian statesman should at once hit the true medium between undue reticence and imprudent candour, and it is certainly far more conducive to the satisfactory working of their institutions that they should sin in the latter than in the former direction. We are too glad to see them appealing unreservedly to public opinion, to be captious about the propriety of all their revelations. And although, on general grounds, we should question the expediency of making a budget speech in anticipation of the meeting of Parliament, we are quite ready to admit that the peculiar circumstances of the present case afford some justification for the course taken by Signor Sella. The financial question is in Italy so closely connected with others of a political character that it is hopeless to deal with it in an effective or comprehensive manner unless the people can be brought to look the whole situation steadily in the face. They desire to gain Rome and Venetia; and we thoroughly believe they are ready to make any sacrifices for that purpose. But Rome certainly cannot be acquired by force of arms; while there is little present likelihood of waging a successful war for the possession of Venetia. If that be the case, is it expedient to maintain a rate of military expenditure under which the country staggers? Would it not be better to reserve and develop the resources of the country rather than to exhaust them in keeping up an army out of all proportion to its wants?

Such are the questions which Signor Sella's speech irresistibly suggests, although he did not state them in so many words. Few Italians can avoid seeing how urgently they press for an answer. There can be no doubt that the financial position of Italy is at the present moment thoroughly unsound; that it is calculated to excite the greatest possible alarm amongst those who take an interest in her welfare; and that none but the most radical measures of reform are likely to be attended with useful results. For the last half dozen years Italy has been existing upon loans. She borrowed £6,000,000 in 1859, £20,000,000 in 1861, and £28,000,000 in 1863; and since that time she has raised loans to the extent of £17,000,000, besides selling national property to something like the same amount. But even this enormous addition to her liabilities has not enabled her to fill up the gulf which an expenditure of thirty-six millions, fed by a revenue of only twenty-four millions, has been constantly keeping open. In 1864 there was a deficit of four hundred million francs, and that for 1865 is calculated by the Minister of Finance at nearly three hundred million francs, or £11,200,000 sterling. This is bad enough, but we fear it is not the worst. Last spring Signor Sella estimated the deficiency for the current year at £8,200,000, and held out hopes that, by economy and good management, it might be reduced to four millions. It is clear that the calculations which he then made had no solid foundation, and we cannot help having many misgivings as to the accuracy of those which he has just presented to the electors of Cossato. If, after all that has taken place, he now confesses to a deficit of two hundred and eighty million francs, there is every probability that by the time the year's accounts are closed the balance for 1865 will be not a whit more favourable than that for 1864. That, however, is not all; nor is it even sufficient to point to the obvious fact that each fresh deficit tells with increased force upon the credit of the country. Signor Sella is obliged to confess that the sales of national property which have taken place have seriously injured the revenue of the State, which has—to use a homely expression—been burning the candle at both ends: contracting new debts, and at the same time parting with the means of paying the interest. This is a process which cannot go on long. National bankruptcy is the inevitable end of so reckless and spendthrift a course. But although the Minister acknowledges this, he is apparently content with measures which go but a very little way towards remedying the evil. He does not hold out the slightest prospect of a real equilibrium between revenue and expenditure. For the present he seems to consider that out of the question. All that he ventures to hope is that

he may be enabled to reduce a continuing annual deficit within such bounds that the charge it annually entails upon the budget—in other words, the interest upon loans contracted to meet it—shall not be greater than the increase in the amount of the taxes. Supposing that object were completely attained by unobjectionable means, the finances of the country would remain in a most unhealthy and rickety condition. Foreign capitalists cannot be expected to place confidence in a State when the interest on an ever increasing national debt is always running a close race with a revenue whose growth is of the most precarious kind. Unless measures are taken to keep down the capital of the debt, it is plain that Italian credit must become weaker every year; and that it must become more and more difficult to raise money for the purposes of the State, or for the prosecution of great national improvements. Such will be the case, even if no calamities of an unforeseen kind—no failure of crops—no commercial crisis—no sudden war—overtake the nation. But if anything of that kind should occur, the overweighted State would inevitably reel, and probably sink under the burthen.

Not only is the object which the Minister sets before himself far too limited, but the means by which he seeks to attain it are inadequate or vicious. We vainly seek in his measures for a trace of that sort of financial ability to which the late Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone have accustomed us. Signor Sella is such a Chancellor of the Exchequer as the Whigs used to supply us with in the years immediately following the Reform Bill. Like them, he has no idea of increasing the revenue except by imposing new taxes. Like them, he does not seem to be aware that the addition of 50 per cent. to the rate of an impost does not always imply an equivalent addition to its produce. And like them he is ignorant that the best way of enriching the State is to unshackle the industry of the people. He has nothing better to suggest than a tax on the grinding of corn, together with the augmentation of other imposts of so objectionable a character as the duty on salt. Nothing more vexatious or more inconsistent with sound principles of taxation could well be imagined. And yet at this moment the commerce of Italy is crippled by an oppressive and restrictive tariff, which limits her trade with other countries, and prevents the development of her vast natural resources. Had Count Cavour lived he would probably have been able, as he would certainly have been willing, to inaugurate a free-trade policy. But since his death the Italian Ministers of Finance have been signally deficient both in economical knowledge and in fertility of resources. They have been little more than honest, pains-taking clerks, keeping down expenses as far as they could in a routine sort of way, but wholly incapable of inaugurating any large measures of economy, or of striking out new plans of taxation. One of the most pressing needs of Italy is a great financier. Such a man might do much to increase the revenue, but the ablest Minister could not get rid of the existing deficit without also reducing the expenditure. In order to do this effectually, it is necessary to modify both the domestic and the foreign policy of the country. At present the State is burthened with the salaries of a host of functionaries who are employed in carrying on an internal administration which is far too highly centralized. They are far too numerous, even under the present system; but no Minister has hitherto had courage to face the clamour which would be excited by a reduction of their number. Still less do the Italian statesmen perceive how materially they might diminish expenditure, while stimulating the political life of the country, by dispensing altogether with a large portion of their administrative machinery, and developing in its place the local institutions of the country. There is ample room for reform and retrenchment here; but, after all, the main source of financial difficulty lies elsewhere. The military expenditure, amounting to nearly twelve millions per annum, is a burthen beyond the present strength of the nation, and one which it is unnecessary for the people to bear. An army of 350,000 men and a national guard of 130,000 are not required for defence. Austria is the only Power from which Italy has anything to fear, and she has quite enough to do in other quarters, without undertaking so Quixotic an enterprise as the reconquest of Lombardy. Besides, if her hands were freer, and her strength were greater than is the case at present, she would be restrained from aggression by a knowledge that the honour of France is involved in the protection of the province which she assigned to Italy in exchange for Savoy and Nice. Then, as Signor Sella himself showed in the clearest manner, this immense army is utterly useless as a means of acquiring Rome and Venice. Italy is bound, by the September Convention, not to attempt the solution of the Roman question by violence, and we fully believe the Minister when he says that he and his colleagues mean

to fulfil their pledges with scrupulous exactness. A war for the acquisition of Venetia is almost as much out of the question under existing circumstances. It can never be undertaken by Italy alone until she has financial resources very different from those which she now possesses, or which she is ever likely to possess so long as she accumulates deficits year after year. It is dangerous to undertake it in concert with an ally—for allies, as Signor Sella reminded his hearers, have a habit of setting an inconvenient price upon their services. Whether he is right or wrong in the sanguine anticipation that Austria may, at no distant day, be willing to sell a province which she cannot govern, we do not undertake to decide. But undoubtedly the present condition—the accumulating difficulties—of that empire, give the Italians every ground for hope, and furnish sufficient reasons why they should not precipitately grasp at a prize which time will probably transfer to them without the expense or the risk of war. Italy has gained so much within the last few years, and her prospects are so good, that she cannot afford to hazard everything even for the sake of annexing Venetia. Her wisest course is to lay aside for a time all projects of war, and to concentrate her thoughts and efforts upon the reform of her administration and her fiscal system, the reduction of her expenditure, the increase of her trade, and the growth of her industry. If she resolves upon doing that, she may safely disband a large portion of her army, and thus take no inconsiderable step towards the establishment of equilibrium in her finances, and the restoration of her failing credit in the money markets of the world. Indeed, distasteful as such a measure may be to the Prime Minister and to the King, it cannot be long postponed; and it will be strange if this conviction is not forced upon the Italians by Signor Sella's revelations.

THE PRICE OF MEAT.

A CURIOUS article appeared last week in the columns of the *Times* on a subject which has of late engaged a great deal of attention. It began with a reference to the meat famine, or rather to that fallaciously-engendered report of this calamity which the London butchers have done their best to foster. It went on to demonstrate—what has been suspected by most householders for some time past—that the panic which originated with the *rinderpest* had in reality little foundation in fact; that, however serious the bare appearance of a disease among our cattle may be theoretically, the disease itself had as yet made no progress sufficient to justify serious alarm, or to account for that extravagant increase of price which we have lately paid for our beef and mutton. So far the article was very judicious; and if it had gone on to suggest some means of resisting the monstrous imposition to which the public have been subjected, or had even administered a sharp reproof to the petty tradesmen who have been endeavouring for many weeks past to make capital out of a national misfortune, the leading journal would have earned the gratitude of a large class of persons whom the Fates have condemned to feel “the painful minuteness of needful economy.” But the moral deduced by the *Times* is of a very different kind from that which one might have expected from its *exordium*. The panic in its eyes is less of a public evil than a public lesson, and may, in some cases, be reckoned as a private advantage. Not only has it called attention to the present state of veterinary practice, not only may it become the means of inducing more extensive importation of butcher's meat, not only will it tend to improve the breed of cattle at home and abroad, but in the meantime it discourages waste in large families, and prevents plethoric gentlemen from over-eating themselves.

With such a catalogue of advantages as this it might indeed be gravely doubted whether we have not been too hasty in regarding the cattle plague as a misfortune at all, and whether the controversy carried on by Professor Tyndall and others in the columns of a daily contemporary, could possibly have two sides to it, in the eyes of reasoning men. To recognise a possible good in apparent evil is not only a religious precept, but the triumph of moral philosophy; and if the *rinderpest* is really to confer so many benefits on us by-and-by, the sooner we invent a more becoming name for it the better. But unfortunately people with limited incomes have a strong inclination to regard present facts as more important than future contingencies, in any matter of financial interest. And it is a fact, that whatever ultimate good may result from the cattle plague, we are at this moment paying very heavily—much too heavily—for butcher's meat. To start with this assertion, and a show of reasoning on it, and then proceed to talk of a farrier's education, and how much animal food a

man may safely eat *per diem*, seems to us very like begging the question.

Whether “Condy's Fluid” or chlorate of potash may be the best remedial agent for the disease—whether stimulants or diaphoretics are indicated—whether vinegar or petroleum is the more useful for external application, let us hope that time and a host of experiments will one day show. We are not quite so sanguine on the question of abstinence, nor do we believe that Englishmen will eat less roast beef when the murrain disappears than before it broke out. But one fact we shall certainly have learned—and it will be our own fault if we do not adopt some remedy to obviate the recurrence of such an evil—that a body of retail dealers, by common consent, can at any time, and with scarcely the semblance of a plea, raise the price of the commodity in which they deal to a figure much above its fair marketable value. This is what they are doing at the present time. So far from there being a scarcity of supply from the provinces, it is well known that farmers were never more anxious to fatten and sell the beasts they have reared. Indeed, the reason of this is obvious, for the longer a bullock is kept on hand the greater chance there is of its becoming infected. The agriculturist, therefore, naturally prefers realizing a speedy but moderate remuneration to waiting for greater profits with the risk of incurring actual loss. The recent prohibition of public sale in quarters where the *rinderpest* has made a decided appearance, no doubt affects the general character of local business in certain counties; but even there we hear of a “brisk private trade” being carried on; while Nottingham, Wakefield, Wolverhampton, Bristol, Exeter, Leeds, Doncaster, and other places, appear to have been supplied down to a recent date with sheep and horned cattle in excellent condition. If it is urged that prosperity in the rural districts affords no index of the state of the London market, our answer is, that the wholesale prices at Smithfield itself, so far from having risen, are, on an average, rather in favour of the present year. A correspondent of the *Times* informs us that the aggregate price of the four kinds of meat, combining the highest and the lowest prices together, was, a few days ago, 36s., whereas at a similar time last year it was 36s. 4d. The difference in favour of the beef of 1865, when thus compared, is 4d.; in favour of veal it is 6d.; of pork, 2d.; mutton alone has risen.

Now let us turn to the retail prices paid by consumers at the West-end of London, and compare them with what was asked for the same quality of meat in 1864—indeed even a month or two ago. For joints of beef, which used to be weighed at 8d. or 9d. a pound, we are now charged 11d. Legs and shoulders of mutton are dearer in exactly the same proportion. Veal cutlets have risen from 1s. to 1s. 2d., and chops from 11d. to 1s. 3d. per lb. Even “corned” beef has increased about 40 per cent. in price. An “Agricultural Individual” writes in great wrath to the *Times*, complaining that whereas his profits are infinitesimal as a cattle feeder, the butcher is exorbitant in his charges to the public. This gentleman quotes the retail price of “beef steak” at 1s. 4d. per lb. The figures are no doubt accurate enough. But if we are to descend to minutiae on this question, it is as well to be accurate in terms. Beef-steak can now be procured in London at 11d. It is the prime quality of meat, or what is commonly called rump-steak, which is from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d. per lb. Last year it was a shilling. But the Scotch farmer has a grievance, and altogether he has not overstated the case. It does seem very hard that men of his class who buy store cattle at high prices and fatten them at great cost—paying 60s. per acre for grazing, and from £10 to £11 per ton for cake, should, after twelve months' constant care and attention to the animals they rear (and which may at any time die on their land), be able to reap so little profit from their sale, while the London butcher, who perhaps has charge of cattle only for a couple of days before they are killed, makes an easy 50 per cent. by the transaction. There are, of course, two sides to every story, and the blue-aproned gentry have found a spokesman in one of the London papers. His plea is that every ox and sheep contains but a limited extent of prime meat, and that though the best joints fetch a high price, the rest of the animal is disposed of at a much lower rate. He argues from this that from the gross weight of an ox considerable deductions must be made before we can arrive at a just estimate of its value in detail. This statement may, perhaps, throw dust in the eyes of the general public, but it cannot deceive the practical man who knows how to calculate averages. Rate the carcase, one part with another, at 10d. or 11d. per lb., and the butcher's gains, as compared to those of the farmer, will still be enormous.

It is said of half our national blunders that they have long been rectified on the other side of the Channel. In the

dearest quarter of Paris, confessedly the most expensive city on the Continent, the price of meat is at least 25 per cent. cheaper than in London. The fact is that Paris market prices are regulated by a tariff, for the fair rating of which the Government is itself responsible. But we have constitutional notions on this point, and any similar system in this country would be regarded as an infringement on the liberties of trade. This is, however, one of those principles which are merely based on expediency, and which are likely to be modified in their application as circumstances may require. We strongly recommend the butchers to turn a deaf ear no longer to the voice of public indignation which has been raised against their rapacious overcharges. Already there has been some talk of forming a company which should retail meat at a fair market price. Once formed, such a company might have branch establishments all over the town, and become a formidable opponent to "the trade," and the inhabitants of London will be all the more inclined to give it their custom when they consider how wantonly they have been fleeced by their butchers.

THE PENALTY OF A FALSE ARREST.

OUR readers will feel interested in knowing to what redress they will be entitled if, while amusing themselves at the Crystal Palace, an over-zealous detective should mistake them for pickpockets, and, in the most public and humiliating manner, march them off to the police-station. A highly-respectable gentleman has just elicited this information, and it appears that for forty shillings and costs a detective, who has not only made a blunder of this kind, but has followed it up by every species of ruffianism of which the occasion was susceptible, can walk out of court and return to the occupation for which he has shown himself so unfitted. This circumstance will not a little qualify the pleasure of a visit to the palace, whose managers would do well, we think, if they announced that the constable who so abominably maltreated the gentleman to whom we refer will not again be allowed on duty within their establishment. For his plea of mistaken identity will, at most, only excuse a portion of the fellow's misconduct, and does not at all extend to that which was the most aggravated part of it. The most practised detective may get upon a wrong scent; but it is only a thorough-paced ruffian who could exhibit the unnecessary brutality which forms the gravamen of the complaint in this case.

It appears that on the 9th of last month, Mr. Meade, a gentleman who for many years has been connected with the engineering department of the Bank of England, was in the transept of the Crystal Palace, with his wife and a child, when Aaron Warren, a detective, stationed at the Palace, came up to him and asked him:—"What is your little game?" Mr. Meade's little game was that he was partaking, with his wife and the child, of some refreshments he had brought for them; but as this seemed to him to be a matter which concerned nobody but himself, he probably thought it unnecessary to answer the question put to him. At all events, he took no notice of it; seeing which, the detective proposed another question, and asked, "What have you got there?" Mrs. Meade replied that she was giving the child some tea, and as Warren rejoined, "Let me take it," Mr. Meade jumped up and said, "D— your impudence, what do you mean by intruding in this manner?" Warren now threw off his incognito, charged Mr. Meade with "two attempts to pick pockets," and said he would arrest him. Accordingly he did arrest him, and though Mr. Meade begged that he would not take him down the centre of the building, but through the concert-room, he chose the former route to the police-office, ordering the two constables who followed them to "take away that woman"—"that woman" being Mrs. Meade, who was following her husband, and to whom he was addressing words of consolation. Nothing was left undone to complete Mr. Meade's humiliation and disgrace. He was searched at the station, placed in the dock with a constable beside him, and charged with picking pockets. And for this infamous conduct on the part of the detective the only attempted justification is, that before arresting Mr. Meade, he had been watching two suspected persons, that he lost sight of them, and that presently reaching the spot where Mr. Meade was, was misled, by the likeness he bore to one of them, into what turned out upon inquiry to be a blunder.

This defence may be true or false; we cannot decide. But when Mr. Meade, on arriving at the station-house, gave references to persons in the immediate neighbourhood, it was a scandalous injustice, in addition to the insults previously heaped upon him, to put him in the dock as a felon and charge him with picking pockets, before inquiring of the persons

referred to, whether his account of himself was true or not. There was wanton cruelty in the manner in which he was taken to the station-house after his arrest by the most public way, instead of the most private: an indulgence to which, as he was arrested only on suspicion, without a tittle of evidence beyond his likeness to somebody else, who also was only suspected, he was clearly entitled. Mr. Meade's case may be anybody's case. The coolness, not only of the fellow Warren, but of the sergeant at the station-house, is delightful. The latter says that "seeing something in the case which did not satisfy him, he sent Warren to make inquiries, which resulted in a thorough conviction of Mr. Meade's innocence; and while Warren was away, he begged to say that he had asked Mr. and Mrs. Meade into the waiting-room, and asked them to take a seat." Truly a delicate attention, which the sergeant evidently thinks should go far to compensate a lady and gentleman who had been publicly humiliated. Why did it not occur to him to make the inquiries before Mr. Meade was put into the dock and branded, as far as such persons could brand him, as a felon?

For this gross outrage, which shows a recklessness in arresting and a brutality in carrying out an arrest, both very alarming to the public, though it did not seem to shock the defendant's superiors—they consider him one of the most valuable officers in the Palace—the magistrate, Mr. Elliott, of Lambeth Police-court, fined Warren 40s. and costs. He seems to have been even willing to let him off altogether if Mr. Meade had consented—so at least we conclude from his wishing, after he had decided that the offence was proved and that the defendant's conduct had been "most improper," to know "what the complainant desired." Nay, Mr. Meade himself offered to forgive, if not to forget, the outrage he had suffered, if the constable would make an apology, to be published in the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times*. This incident has disclosed to us a circumstance in connection with the position of a policeman for which we were not prepared. It is not within his competence to make an apology. For some reason or other which Inspector Dunlop, who stated the fact, did not explain, it is contrary to the regulations of the force, which so abhors such an act of propriety that the inspector positively objected to Warren's signing an apology to which his own counsel had agreed. It is true that a constable may apologize, as it were, upon the sly. Warren, for instance, might have signed the apology if Mr. Meade had consented to put it into his pocket, with leave perhaps to show it privately amongst his friends, but on no account to publish it. The necessity, by some means or other, of keeping up the dignity of the force has, we presume, led to this regulation; but it is a little hard upon the public that a gentleman may be treated with every indignity, be paraded as a pickpocket before thousands of people, and be recorded in the station charge-sheet as a man accused of felony, and after all be denied the poor satisfaction of an apology.

QUARRELLING WITH ONE'S BREAD AND BUTTER.

Du pain, et parler au roi; this was the wild cry of the squalid women as they beset the National Assembly. Mirabeau tries to pacify them, haranguing upon the regeneration of France; again the cry is raised—*Du pain! pas tant de longs discours*. The same scene is repeated when the armed groups of Saint-Antoine have marched to Versailles. "What is it that they want?" *Du pain! et la fin des affaires!* By-and-by a decree is passed by the Assembly, which fixes "the price of bread at eight sous the half-quarter, and butchers' meat at six sous the pound." Here is a picture of a nation dissatisfied with the price of bread—a lurid picture—full of sans-culottism, full of guns, and pikes, and linstocks; of grim men and infuriated women; at every baker's door in Paris is a significant iron ring and a coil of rope; of the bakers, "innocent François" himself is dangling at the lamp-iron; the guillotine is in full work, and Royalty is tumbled from its throne. Yet with this ghastly historical precedent before them the Dean and the Canons of Christ Church are slumbering in careless ease, though the first of the revolutionary cries has been already sounded. *Du pain, et parler au roi*—"cheap bread, and an interview with the Dean." Wake slumberers! it is not merely a deputation from the lower orders that has knocked at your doors with a clamour for free trade. The dissatisfaction is deeper; the disaffection has tinged all classes. In Christ Church, aristocratic Christ Church, where lives the genuine "swell," whose utterances are helped out by the sacred monosyllable "haw"; in Christ Church, where "money makyth

man"; at the doors of the august Deanery, whose tea-fights are spangled with earls, there is a protest made against extortion, a complaint that the rules of the College should compel its members to buy their bread and butter at about 160 per cent. above the market-price, in order that on this profit the College butler may wax fat, and kick.

Mr. Carlyle remarks that hanging François did not cheapen bread, and doubtless it is the result of that experience, as well as the existence of police regulations, which has saved the portly butler from the indignity of swinging at the gateway of Tom-quad. However, thanks to that experience and those regulations, the unjust steward still survives, and the Christ Church deputation took a more pacific way of making its wants known. The petition of the 108 Undergraduates, the contemptuous silence of the Chapter, the arrogance of the butler, are subjects for an epic rather than for plodding prose. We might fancy some lost fragment from the Batrachomyomachia dealing with the details of the fray. Indeed, the 215th line of that small epic, as it now stands, seems marvellously appropriate to the occasion—

Ἀρτοφάγος δὲ Πολύφωνον κατὰ γαστέρα γύψεν,

which, being literally interpreted, is—

"Then Bread-eater hit Loud-voiced in the wind."

For is not Bread-eater the victimized Undergraduate, and will not Loud-voiced stand for the arrogant butler? The epic might lead off thus in the modern hexameter, which is so very Homeric:—

Sing, O Muse, the wrath of the Undergraduate members;
Sing, how the men of THE HOUSE put forth their humble petition,
Noblemen, commoners, students—the gold, the brass, and the iron.
"Hear us, omnipotent Dean; give ear, magnificent Canons;
Victims of fraud are we, whom an unjust Steward oppresses,
Fleeing us sorely in bread, and raising the price of our butter;—
Were we to live, great Dean, with wives and innocent children,
Turning your cloistered shades into modest family mansions,
Even then we could hardly spend four shillings and eightpence,
Week after week, on bread,—inclusive of tops and bottoms.
Take our tuition fees; grow fat on the rent of our garrets,
Feast on our college-dues—we ask no further reduction:
Spare us only the cent. per cent. extortion on commons;
This is the Grant we ask—to be saved from the gripe of the Butler!"

* * * * *
But the majestic Dean, and the most magnificent Canons
Answered it not: they felt no personal interest in it;
Nothing broke the soft routine of the passionless Chapter:
One was wafted away on clouds of lawn to a palace,
One wished the Romish Church to have his Eirenikon early—
Never regarding the greater need of union in Christ Church;
One thought the sheep near home could not want the care of The Shepherd—

And, peradventure, this Grant was a difficult subject to manage—
So that they turned deaf ears, and sank once more on the sofa,
Both the omnipotent Dean, and the professorial Canons.

Then the epic might go on to describe the stern resolve of the deputation; their invincible spirit like that which made Juno say—

"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo!"

"If I can't prevail upon the Dean and Chapter, I will write to the Times." Under ordinary circumstances it might be rude to make the Times equivalent to Acheron; but here it is absolutely necessary, for the Dean and Canons must, of course, stand for the Olympian deities, or at any rate for the gods of Epicurus; and the parallel becomes more remarkable when we remember that the *Jupiter inferus* of the shades below was unaware of what went on in Olympus, and that only the curses of men reached his ears: it is only too evident an anticipation of the practice of writing to the Times when you have a grievance. Well, *Jupiter inferus* pats the complainants on the back, says they are good boys, incipient financiers, infantile political economists, fine young fellows not too proud to ask the price of victuals in the market. He shakes his fist at the sleeping divinities, and tries to poke them up. Alas, that the bars of the chapter-house are too thick to admit the long pole which the Times wields! Then comes the letter of "Miserans Inopem," which is not Homeric, but which, like the chorus in a Greek play, details and moralizes upon the infatuation of the House (ἄτη δόμου). And the moralization of this chorus is sadly true. It comes to this:—the butler at Christ Church is really Chapter-clerk, an office generally held in cathedral towns by some solicitor. They don't pay him, so this official has to keep up his establishment by reaping a harvest from the Undergraduates. They are compelled by the College to get the necessaries of life from this august personage at the prices which he chooses to fix. Of course it is too contemptible a solution of the difficulty to be con-

sidered for a moment that the Chapter should pay this officer adequately for services rendered to them, and thus relieve him from making his living in a disreputable way. Yet it is a solution which has suggested itself to one or two minds. A sort of Semichorus B. then makes his complaint. A Butler's analogy is discovered at Cambridge.

Κακῶν δὲ πρεσβεύεται τὸ Λήμνιον.

Of all extortion Downing is the crown. And this appears to be disconnected from the baleful influences of a Dean and Chapter, or of deep-rooted prejudice. It can only be explained on the sadder grounds of human depravity. We have given our hints for an epic, or for a Greek play, on these modern bread-riots. We can do no more. This issue is still in Olympus. It is honest and sensible of the young men not to wish to be imposed upon; it is a little over-sanguine to hope for redress. When the little girl asked Sydney Smith if her tortoise was pleased when she patted it, he said, you might as well hope to please the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's by patting the dome of the Cathedral. We fear the long pole of the Times will not have much more effect upon this Chapter. They cannot suffer themselves to be the creatures of public opinion—the slaves of the tyrant-press, or, as the Dean himself neatly phrases it:—"We are sorry that this demonstration has been made, as it prevents our executing a long-projected reform!"

COUNTRY PARSONS.

SYDNEY SMITH said of himself, when speaking of the days he had spent in a remote country parish, that he was "village parson, village doctor, village comforter, village magistrate." Times have changed much since the witty rector of Foston-le-Clay was banished to the retirement of his Yorkshire living, to labour after his own strange but not ineffectual fashion in a sphere little congenial to his most cherished tastes and habits; yet the parson of many a secluded district might even now give a very similar account of his life amongst his parishioners. For it is not on Sunday only, or chiefly, that the clergyman's work has to be done. Formerly, indeed, it was no uncommon thing for Clericus to have his house in the nearest country town, where he could command sufficient society to insure the nightly "rubber," which was a necessity of his existence. For six days out of the seven the "good easy man" left his parish at the mercy of Dissenting preachers, and his church under the care of the parochial "Jack-of-all-trades," the majestic personage who discharged the important functions at once of clerk and sexton, village beadle and village oracle. No uneasy thoughts troubled his conscience, that his presence amongst his flock could be required except on the Sunday, when he administered an hebdomadal opiate to his scanty congregation in the shape of a sermon, of which the chief merit probably consisted in its being entirely innocuous. But not least among the good fruits which these days of ecclesiastical commissions and crusades against pluralities have borne in rich abundance, must be reckoned the extinction of that one greater curse to a parish than a non-resident landlord—a non-resident parson. To parishioner and clergyman the change has proved equally beneficial: the one has discovered that he has near at hand a friend to be consulted in any time of distress or difficulty; the other has found, a new interest added to life, that his sphere of duty lies at his own doors, and that in that sphere there is work enough to employ the energies even of an active-minded man. Leaving out of the question the more obvious calls of a "spiritual pastor," what we may term the "secular" side of clerical life makes great and constant demands upon the time and thoughts of our country parson. The troubles of poor Fouracres, whose one solitary cow has fallen a victim to the cattle murrain, the rheumatics or ague of Molly or Dobbin, all come within his ken. Should Giles the tinman lose his donkey, who but the parson to head the subscription which is sure to follow? Possibly he may even find himself called upon to make "a bit of a will" for some industrious clown, who has managed to save a few pounds out of his hard-earned wages. Law, to be sure, is a mystery to the good man, yet, not having the little-and-dangerous amount of knowledge which is proverbially worse than none, he will, by the light of common sense, express poor Hodge's last wishes in a fashion that the most crabbed conveyancer, with all his "contingent remainders" and "hotch-pot clauses," might well envy. It is by being thus constantly accessible to his people, by ready sympathy with all their homely sorrows, by kindly interest in all their little joys, by genial intercourse without familiarity, by wise charity and open-handedness rather than by careless indiscriminate giving, that the heart of a parish is

won, and that the parson becomes, like the vicar of Goldsmith's village, "a man to all the country dear." His mission is to civilize and humanize, no less than to Christianize his flock; he must prove himself their friend and counsellor before he will be looked up to as their spiritual guide. Let him not grudge the hours which he devotes to the school, or the clothing-club, or the savings-bank; he may teach frugal habits to thriftless rustics; he may turn rough uneducated boors into honest citizens; he may banish dirt and squalor to their own limbo, and bid the unaccustomed light of tidiness and contentment shine in the most cherished haunts of misery and disorder. What a magician's wand he may often wield if he will but exert his power! These worldly weapons, if we mistake not, will be found very efficient in the warfare in which he is battling. Hodge in rags shuns his parish church; Hodge, in a coat neat though threadbare, is not ashamed to have his Sunday gossip in the church-porch, and to be seen listening to the sermon of "the minister, God bless him." Cleanliness is, in truth, very near to godliness; men who have never known bare comfort in this life find it hard to believe in the reality of happiness in another; the clergyman who wishes to "allure to brighter worlds" the sheep of his flock, must do something to dispel the dark clouds and mist of want and misery, which, as it were, shroud their path thither, and strive to add a little warmth and colour to the cold grey cheerlessness of their existence.

It is plain that friend Clericus, if he enters into all these various labours, will find ample work upon his hands. Yet, with all these cares around him, the country parson's life is a quiet placid life enough, as year by year he goes through the same round of homely and somewhat monotonous toil. Very quiet and placid, too, are his pleasures and recreations: his garden or his few acres of glebe to take care of, the not unfrequent "rubber" and gossip with his squire, the monthly book-club dinner with his clerical neighbours, varied at rare intervals by more splendid entertainments at "the big house," from which, it may be, the good man wishes himself far enough away. We have, indeed, been picturing an existence, in which the hopes and fears of earthly ambition have no place, an existence amongst the shady lanes and byways and calm retired recesses of life, into which only very faint and indistinct echoes penetrate from the distant hum of the busy restless world outside.

Such a life, indeed, useful and honourable though it be, is not without its own peculiar evils and disadvantages. Its very calmness and tranquillity repel the pushing eager spirit of those who hope to attain to fame and distinction; and this, amongst other causes, has done much of late years to prevent the most gifted of the young men of the two Universities from following the Church as a profession. To labour amongst the poor of a country parish, out of reach of old haunts and old friends, whilst the gayer and brighter of his contemporaries are making names for themselves, and jostling against one another in the manifold business of the world, to labour, moreover, often with very little visible result for good, upon a pittance which scarce suffices to keep body and soul together, must, to many a young curate, be a very hard and irksome experience. There is, too, a tendency in this mode of life to encourage that narrowmindedness, for which the clergy have so often to hear themselves called hard names. Time was, indeed, when the Church was *par excellence* the learned profession; and, even now, though the rank and file of the clerical army are not notorious for any great breadth of view, they can number amongst their leaders not a few, who, in point of attainments, can well hold their own. We might take, as representatives of the type of literary parson, such men as the authors of "The Christian Year," and of "The Romans under the Empire." Poetry and divinity owe to Mr. Keble—history owes to Mr. Merivale—very great and lasting debts of gratitude; each has produced works which the world will not willingly let die. Yet such labours as these are but a life-long sauntering, as it were, amongst the old familiar scenes of school and college; they are the labours of retiring students rather than of bold intellectual inquirers. If poetry and history are content to find their home in the quiet country parsonage, restless science is wont to startle with her new discoveries the busy haunts of the workaday world. Free thought, indeed, is a plant hardy enough to spring up under any sun, yet there is none which will better repay the most careful culture. If its early shoots are not watched and tended, either its growth is dwarfed, or it spreads in that wild, exhausting luxuriance which chokes and poisons the vegetation around; but, planted in a congenial soil, watered and nurtured by the warm rains and tender dews of knowledge, pruned by the kindly knife of experience, it becomes a great tree, and "stretches forth its

branches unto the sea and its boughs unto the river." It is precisely because in the clerical world there is too little intercourse with what lies outside its narrow circle, too little of that "meeting of Greek with Greek," which gives zest and vitality to intellectual war, that its confined atmosphere does not suit the growth of this honest and most salutary freedom of thought. Learning and intolerance not seldom dwell side by side, an unnatural alliance which has found great favour with the ecclesiastical mind of all ages. The men who with one hand kept alive the sacred flame of knowledge, with the other invoked the terrors of the Inquisition upon those who pursued knowledge to its legitimate results; if the learned zeal and reverent care of the Churchmen preserved to us so much of the philosophy of Greece and of the poetry of Rome, it was the blind bigotry of Churchmen which denounced as heretical the advanced wisdom of a Copernicus and a Galileo. It is impossible not to regret that the clergy of our own days should be content to walk so entirely in beaten paths. A little divergence from the old grooves, a little more sympathy with the outer world, a little less impatience at new ideas and modes of thought, would go far to increase their usefulness in their generation. We can conceive, for example, nothing more calculated to bring their order into disrepute than the unreasoning zeal with which the country parsons joined their friends the country squires in driving "the foremost man of all the world" from that University which many of them profess to love and cherish so well. That the highest qualifications of a statesman, the most unblemished personal character, the most splendid academical distinctions, added to long years of devoted attachment to, and faithful zeal in the cause of, Oxford, should have been insufficient to weigh down the scale against mere party differences, and a few unpopular votes, was lamentable enough; that the country clergy should have been the men who contributed so largely to rob Oxford of her brightest ornament was even more to be deplored. The influence of our clergy is great and beneficial, but the countrymen of Wycliffe have never been fond of blind guides; if the guides display a propensity for falling into ditches, their followers will not on that account believe that the safer travelling is not to be found on the high road. Yet there are signs of the times, which are very full of hope. When we see, as at the late Norwich Congress, subjects admitting of so many shades and differences of opinion, discussed with so much moderation, good taste, and general earnestness of purpose, we may be sure that there is strong, healthy life stirring amongst the "sleepy hollows" of the Church.

We have wandered somewhat from our track, and we return to it to add that in what we have said of country parsons we have only wished to look at them in their character of friends and counsellors to their parishioners. Of higher and holier matters, of loving ministrations at the bed of sickness, of gentle words of hope at the hour of death, this is not the place to speak. But if lives of patient self-denying exertion, if constant labours of love, if ceaseless efforts to shed light upon the gloom of many a wretched home, if kindly attention to the courtesies of life, can confer any title to the respect of mankind, much may be forgiven to somewhat narrow prejudices and old-world predilections. After all, there are positions in life where plain common sense is more valuable than intellectual activity.

DINNER PARTIES.

WE may possibly not conciliate the sympathies of readers by the assertion, that of all dinner parties, the pleasantest is the cheerful gathering of neighbours in a country house already well filled with more or less permanent guests,—pleasantest, of course, as viewed from the side of those permanences, for it is often a great labour and a considerable nuisance to the mere guests of the evening. The fittest month is early October, when salmon and sea-trout may have divided the daylight attention of men with winged and legged game of all kinds, and when the lady of the house has ceased to regret, or to rejoice, that candles are requisite for dinner. The pleasures of the evening may be said to begin with the haphazard meeting of volunteers in some smaller drawing-room, for the purpose of fortification against dressing fatigues by the consumption of afternoon tea, a beverage which is then as much more fragrant than at any other time, as is post-prandial coffee in its own season. Of the gentler sex, no inmate of the house will fail to keep tryst round the unpretending tray. And there is a fair sprinkling of males, returned from the day's labours with rod or gun, and perhaps two or three *fainéants*, who ceased to murder with the *al fresco* luncheon—too often literally *al fresco*

—and came home for an enjoyable afternoon with the targets or croquet. Bearded lips, lounging on the backs of easy chairs, enunciate *ex post facto* theories of the lost possibility of winning that last game, and perhaps some fair member of the riding party vows over her second cup that she will not use the bridge to-morrow. And there are confessions of mutual wishes that there was no such thing as dinner, and self-gratulations that none of them dine out to-night, and a chorus of lamentations over sundry distant neighbours of ten miles' radius, the expected guests, who will have begun by this time their journey through the country lanes. And perhaps there is consternation in high places on the non-appearance of the usual fish by the afternoon train.

But, alas! such are not the preliminaries of the dinner-party of ordinary life; the one is the cloud with a silver lining, the other is the cloud without. The bachelor diner passes the half-hour before dressing in a semi-grumbling state, philosophizing with more of the Dog than of the Porch, on the observed fact that something always turns up when he has to go out to dinner; some loo party with unlimited cigars, or perhaps some invitation to music unspoiled by dyspepsia, just so long after the dinner card that his conscience will not allow him to forget which came first, though it is to be feared that many young men of the present day—these days of anti-classic cramming—use the word *prior*, in their negative notes, as meaning *more pleasant*.

We suppose that it is practically impossible to effect any great amelioration in the condition of the drawing-room before dinner is announced. There are certain times and seasons which never can be made comfortable—the preliminary investigations, for instance, of a dentist, or the putting on the gloves for one's own wedding, and to some men these loose minutes of unfed anticipation rank very high in the list of incurables. There are well-bound books on the tables, but it is such a hollow farce to take them up, and so like a confession that one is *géné de ses mains*. Many persons find staring out of the window a useful diversion, when the season is sufficiently early for that purpose, and more than one young man of not inconsiderable merit has counted the rosebuds on the drawing-room paper. But not even these intellectual amusements will reduce to comfort the odd man, who seems to be a constitutional element in English dinner-parties, and whom the hostess is wont to inform, as early as possible, that she has done her unavailing best to secure a lady for him, thus turning him red all over, as he checks the impulse to say that he much prefers it so; indeed, on one occasion a lady heard the man who had been allotted to her vehemently entreating the odd man to change places. They are more careful about such arrangements in the Yorkshire dales. Some months since a strange clergyman was to officiate at the baptism of a female infant, and seeing in the vestry two smiling girls and the like number of young men, he asked whether the men were both sponsors. The clerk, an important institution there; without whom no rite from the cradle to the grave is duly performed, explained that they were. "Do you see, sir," he said, "it's a custom like i' this dale te hev fower stanners. They's mostlings young folks 'at stans, an' then there's mebbe a coop o' tées or summat i' t' efterneean, an' if there's two o' men fur t' two lasses, why it maks things ekal like."

It is not unusual to regret the good old days gone by; but there is generally more of ignorance than of honesty in such regrets, often more of false sentiment than of true. We may groan as we will about the weary labour of going through a modern dinner, but, at any rate, we have improved upon the ways of our fathers, with whom the dinner would be almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; for, with us, neither is the ceremonial now so stiff, because men are better bred, and fall by second nature into their places, nor do we expose our dinners to the chance of getting cold. It may certainly be questioned whether we have not made a mistake in losing the heartiness of the host's face beaming over some gigantic bird or the moiety of an edible quadruped, and there are those who cannot reconcile themselves to the consequent decline of the elegant art of carving; but, on the other hand, there is no longer a chance of a short-sighted carver sending us nothing but the gizzard and a silver skewer, or the head and neck of a pheasant, or the frill of a haunch of venison with gravy; nor do our wives and daughters carry away on their dresses so many expensive stains of errant food. In the days of amateur carving it was no unusual thing to see

"A handsome woman with a fish's tail,"

as the *desinat in piscem* of Horace's mermaid has been translated; and we suspect that many a dissatisfied diner would

have sympathized with a recent harmonious blacksmith, who, on receiving his share at a choir supper from the clerical dispenser of a rapid rabbit-pie, turned to his neighbour and whispered, "I's gotten twa' heeads, it beean't fair;" to which his friend responded sententiously, pointing with a humorous air of discontent to his own plate, "Eh, lad, there's a sight mair meeat o' t' jowl nur o' t' ribs an' teeals."

It is a misfortune that the dress of a table is not considered susceptible of more varied treatment. For a large and stiff dinner the fruit and flower decorations cannot well be too high or too dense, for the more there is to conceal the ghastly sombreness of eating pomposity and drinking inanity, the better it is for the fellow-performers; but when a merrier or a smaller party is assembled, it seems unwise to cut off lively moustaches on this side the table from sprightly eyes on the other by an intermediate trophy of scarlet geraniums and ivy; while sometimes half the people are obliterated, from any given point of view, by a vast rose-bush which counts its blossoms by the score. It is an immense improvement that we have got the colours and fragrance of nature on our tables in place of the "steaming dishes" of the old "groaning boards;" but even nature is not sufficient without the taste of art.

It is not easy to say whether the male or the female biped suffers more on these occasions from conversational troubles. Their sufferings have their origin in opposite causes: the one in the difficulty of finding anything to say, the other in the exceeding inanity of what is said. It is the part of an empiric to lay down a general rule from particular observations, but we cannot help seeing that, as a principle, *men* are expected to find conversation, their neighbours of the gentler sex accepting rather than originating—as far, at least, as subject is concerned. And so an observant man with sisters may hear of such an one that he is frightfully stupid, and never thinks of talking; and of such another that he did not open his mouth, save for feeding purposes, until the port wine came round with the cheese; and of some third man, that there must be a great deal in him for he brings nothing out. Now we cannot hold the more fluent sex blameless in this matter of stupidity and silence, for much more is in their hands than they choose to believe; and without for a moment favouring the cry of the rights of women—which merely means the wrongs of men—we do think that the remedy lies chiefly with them. Boys are taught at school, and men are taught or untaught, as the case may be, at the Universities; but they are *educated* by the female influences to which they may be exposed in early manhood; and it is to be feared that a large proportion of their educators, to judge from results or from the appearance of the process, perform their responsible duty in a very careless or sadly improper manner, or else entirely repudiate it in favour of the theory that it is their right and their place to be amused. Hence it is that many ladies go into the dining-room prepared with resigned and matter-of-fact answers to the question, do they like dinner-parties? and, further, do their brothers? and, on pleading that they have no such relative, to the yet further question, would they if they had? and a young person of more than ordinary amiability will at most determine to be very long-suffering towards meteorological platitudes of no matter what amount of guilelessness, when if she chose to take the matter into her own most competent hands she might make the poor young man talk, and thus do him a world of good. We may possibly return to this question, but for the present we must pass on to the grand mistake in our present style of dinner, namely, the whole of the after arrangements. The ceremony of handing round wines and crystallized fruits might well be pretermitted in a mixed affair; for it is always a mistake to subject people to a manifest farce of this description. Dessert is a thing for which no one ever dreams of saying grace; we are thankful always at the beginning of dinner, often after the cheese, but for the dessert, either in anticipation or in retrospect, never. A damp settles somehow upon the spirits of a small assembly as one after another says or bows her negative to the heady, flushing wine, and as a dozen people in succession say a dozen noes to a dozen impossible ornamental dishes. Nor is it a cheerful aid to conversation to know that we are only waiting till the hostess thinks it time to seek to catch the eyes of her most exalted guests; while to right-thinking men it is very unpleasant to be forced into feeling a relief when ladies leave the room. To obviate these and many other disagreeables, let the men adjourn as soon as grace is said—which rite Pagan Russia too often banishes by doing away with the reminding emptiness of the table—to some other room where cool wines, and a practicable dessert, and a sunny fire are provided for them, without the glare of dinner-table illuminations and the discomfort of unventilated heat collected from various odorous sources, ladies at

the same time passing away to their own place to enjoy themselves according to their own desires. Then, after half or three-quarters of an hour of unstilted chat, the refreshed males may find their way with renewed or awakened or created vigour to a like period of Paradise. But one thing more before their transmigration. Eupepsia is a rare virtue in these days of condimental foods and slighted exercise, and a large majority of dining-men are either dyspeptic or at best non-eupeptic—if there be any such Greek and Roman hybrid in weak digestion—and for such men there is no comfort in the world like washing the face after a meal. We would suggest, then, to the consideration of careful hosts, that if they would provide the necessary apparatus, they would no longer have their after drawing-room strewn with blinking men in the first stage of indigestion; but, on the contrary, their male guests would come forth like bridegrooms from their dessert, and, after the usual drawing-room beverage, would disport themselves like giants refreshed with tea.

THE REPORT OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE COMMISSIONERS.

WITH perhaps unexampled rapidity, the Cattle Plague Commissioners have produced a report which, for all practical purposes, is worth little or nothing. It traces the plague back to its first outbreak in June in certain dairies at Islington, Hackney, and Lambeth, and its rapid spread throughout the metropolis; its appearance in Norfolk in July, a little later in Suffolk and Shropshire, and so on in one county after another till, by the end of the month, it had invaded Scotland. It then examines the theory that the disease was brought to London by a cargo of cattle shipped at Revel and landed at Hull, a theory which may or may not be true, but which the Commissioners do not consider established by the evidence: unless it is to be assumed that the appearance of the plague amongst us cannot possibly be accounted for in any other way. The Commissioners, like sensible men, think it a matter quite immaterial whether the theory is true or not. The plague is here, and no purpose can be served, beyond the egotism of rival theorists, by disputing how it came here. What we are concerned to know is the character of the plague, not how it came to us; and we get at the most important fact in the report when we read that there is no doubt whatever "that the disease in question is contagious, that the contagion is extraordinarily swift and subtle, and that it is most destructive in its effects." When we have arrived at this point, our next anxiety is to know whether it lies within the resources of veterinary skill to combat the disease, or whether the only mode of dealing with it is by the two-fold process of isolation and stamping out. And we confess it is with no little disappointment we find that the Commissioners have no comfort to offer us in this respect. They have come to the conclusion that "no specific has been discovered which neutralizes or expels the poison"; nay more, "judicious treatment may enable nature to resist till the virus has spent itself; injudicious treatment may have a contrary effect, but that is all." If that is really all it is not much. We needed no Commissioners to deliberate for a month to inform us of a truism.

But is this, indeed, all that the commissioners might have told us had they chosen to search diligently into what was, in truth, the most important object of their inquiry? It is not for us to answer this question; but in the LONDON REVIEW, October 11th, we quoted the statement of Mr. Caird that, in Holland, under ordinary treatment, twenty-five per cent. of the cattle attacked by the disease had been cured; and that of those treated by homœopathy there were saved as many as fifty per cent.; while out of 148 sound animals treated by the homœopaths with preventive medicines, and placed in contact with diseased cattle, not more than four had taken the disease. We do not see that the commissioners have examined Mr. Caird, or that their attention has been directed to his statement. Whether it is correct or not, we cannot say; but we do say that, coming from a man whose name offers some guarantee for the truth of what he asserts, it ought to have been investigated. It has since been more than supported by the evidence of Dr. Edward Hamilton, of Grafton-street, Bond-street, who received every facility from the Dutch Government for investigating all the methods of treatment practised in Holland, and who states that as many as forty-five per cent. were saved by allopathy, and seventy-three per cent. by homœopathy. He also bears witness to the successful preventive treatment by homœopathy, and gives an instance where, in one commune, 230 animals, after being so treated,

were placed in contact with affected animals, when only twenty-five took the disease. Dr. D. Wilson, of Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, writes to the *Morning Advertiser*, that he has cured cows affected with the cattle plague by homœopathy, and he communicates to that journal a long and interesting letter from Major-General A. J. Taylor, Inspector-General of Artillery, in which the writer details his successes in veterinary homœopathy during the Canterbury epidemic of 1852-3.

Now we ask again, are these facts true? That, as it appears to us, is the only question which rational men can entertain with regard to them. If they are not, there is an end of them. If they are, surely no amount of prejudice should be allowed to stand in the way of their being utilized for the public good. We offer no opinion either way; we have not, indeed, the means of forming one. But it certainly seems to us a thing unworthy of our enlightened age that the narrow spirit of professional bigotry should be powerful enough to "stamp out" facts, if they are facts, and to prevent even the inquiry as to whether they are facts or not. There is the greater necessity for the Commissioners to give a fair hearing to all sides, and to examine the whole evidence offered them, inasmuch as beyond the truth that we have a highly contagious and deadly cattle plague amongst us, which we knew already, they have told us nothing that can be of any use to us. They have indeed said that no specific has been discovered which neutralizes or expels the poison; and some of them have recommended a complete cessation of the traffic in cattle—a suggestion which others condemn as good in theory but impossible in practice. But what does this amount to? It amounts to an impracticable proposal and a doubtful dictum. If homœopaths in England and Holland are curing cattle affected by the plague, and if, in the latter country, cattle have by homœopathy been preserved from contagion, then it is not true that no specific has been discovered which neutralizes or expels the poison. If Mr. Caird, and Dr. Hamilton, and Dr. Wilson have published falsehoods, let their dishonesty be exposed. But for the honour of common sense, as well as for the great interests which are at stake in the food of the people, let the Commissioners show themselves above not the narrow prejudice merely, but the cowardice, of those men who, afraid to unlearn the very little they know, treat everything in the shape of novelty with a puerile hostility and contempt.

"AGRICULTURAL GANGS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I read with great interest the able and truthful article on "Agricultural Gangs" which appeared in the LONDON REVIEW of the 11th inst., and can fully corroborate all that the writer therein states. I was present at Fletton Bench when the case which he quotes from the *Peterborough Advertiser* was disposed of, and I may add that the disclosures then made—which were of course too indecent for publication—at once show the pernicious evil of the gang system. If the Government Commission is really sitting to inquire into this matter, it is to be hoped some practical legislative results will ensue. So much has been written and spoken against this system—the curse of the Fen districts—that I need not take up your space to particularize, otherwise I could mention details which have reached me from time to time which would startle some of your readers unacquainted with the eastern counties. There can be no two opinions that, in the interests of social reform, the system ought immediately to be dispensed with, for, as you very forcibly put it, the land in that part of the kingdom cannot require this peculiar mode of treatment, in contradistinction to other parts of the kingdom. I consider this system worse than slavery, on account of the demoralizing tendencies it engenders. We may well have illegitimacy and prostitution on the increase while such "helps" are afforded by the continuance of a mode of farming which I believe cannot be defended on the commonest grounds of decency or morality. Hoping to see other articles on the same subject from your pen,

I am, yours truly,

A HATER OF THE GANG SYSTEM.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE new vice-chancellor, Dr. Cartmell, of Christ's, has now entered upon his office, and he will no doubt bring his business talents to bear with good effect upon his responsible work. Dr. Cookson, of St. Peter's, the retiring vice-chancellor, has conciliated the sympathies of all parties during his two years' term of office; and even those who are most strongly opposed to a wise conservatism are constrained to allow that the office has been well filled, and to hope that as much may be said in November, 1866. The valedictory address of the late vice-chancellor, delivered in Latin, at a quarter before nine o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, according to custom, was a very happy performance, and was not too long. Dr. Cookson spoke cheerfully of the prospects of the University, and with approbation of the immediate past. It was observed that he made no allusion to that which has especially

marked the last two years, namely, the large amount of building done; probably he omitted all mention of this from the fact that he could scarcely have avoided the stock quotation, "Quorum pars magna fui." He very properly noticed the recent literary productions of some members of the University, and there could not well have been happier illustrations of success than those which he selected, viz., Mr. H. A. J. Monro's "Lucretius," Professor Lightfoot's "Galatians," and Mr. Todhunter's "History of the Theory of Probabilities." Dr. Atkinson, Master of Clare, was nominated by the Council with Dr. Cartmell by an equality of votes, and many members of the Senate voted in his favour, but Dr. Cartmell was elected by an abundant majority.

A grace for the institution of a new Professorship of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy is to be offered to the Senate on the 8th of February, the rule being that a grace for such a purpose must be announced in one term and voted upon in the next. The most likely candidate now in the field is Mr. A. Newton, late Fellow of Magdalene College, who is very favourably known in connection with ornithological researches and literature. Dr. Drosier, of Caius, assistant to the present Professor of Anatomy, is also a candidate. This candidature of men well known in the University goes far to render the voting on the question whether there shall or shall not be a Professor of Zoology, &c., a foregone conclusion, for the members of the Electoral Roll, who are the electors, will now have a personal interest in determining the question in the affirmative, that being a part of the support they give to their candidates. Being canvassed is such a nuisance, however, that perhaps some men will decide to vote against the foundation of the Professorship, in order that they may have a ready and conclusive answer for all comers. The present Professor of Anatomy, Dr. Clark, who has held the Professorship since 1817, has resigned conditionally, in order to allow his successor to be appointed at the same time with the new Professor. In that case the one will undertake Human Anatomy and Physiology, for which subjects there can be no question that Dr. Humphry is the best man, and the other will confine himself to Comparative Anatomy. This is a yet further reason for voting on personal grounds for the proposed Professorship. There will probably, however, be considerable opposition among the purely literary members of the Electoral Roll, who think that too much relatively has been done for science of late years by the University. We have spent large sums—large for so poor a body as the University itself really is—in fostering the struggling growth of science among us, and it is not unreasonably urged that it is time for literature to have its turn. This feeling has taken a definite form within the last few days, in the shape of a proposal on the part of the large number of eminent men who owe their success to Shrewsbury School and Dr. Kennedy to establish a Latin Professorship, the holder thereof to be called the Kennedy Professor. The scheme does not appear to have been definitely determined upon by the movers in the matter of a Kennedy memorial or testimonial, but it seems probable that their deliberations will eventually take this turn, in which case the other professorship may meet with less opposition. The argument that Latin is to have its turn because science has had so much given to it of late is not of much real value. As the world goes now, it is a matter of importance to found a school of comparative anatomy in the University, by providing a good and interesting teacher and a teacher's income. Without such a step that branch of science cannot get a start among us. But no one will say that any such reason can be alleged in favour of the Latin Professorship. That there should be a Latin Professor would be an excellent thing; but the study of the Latin tongue does not languish from want of a professor. There is one comfort—the University has a first-rate man for either professorship it chooses to found.

These discussions raise once more the very unsatisfactory question of the ill-chosen electoral body in whose hands such appointments lie. The Electoral Roll is an invention of the Commission, or at least is one of the things for the introduction of which they are responsible. It consists of the members of the Senate (about 300) who have resided for fourteen weeks or more during the past academical year, or have claims as Examiners or officers in the University. Being so large a body, each man feels his individual responsibility in any given action to be more or less infinitesimal; and, like other corporations, the Roll has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be saved; so that conscience and public opinion have less share in its proceedings than is advisable. Half a dozen men of reputation and responsibility ought to be a more satisfactory electoral body; but, unfortunately, University tradition points to so many horrible jobs perpetrated by boards so constituted, that anything seemed better at the time of the Commission than such an arrangement. It is curious to examine into the composition of the Electoral Roll, and to notice how very completely the ideas of celibacy and collegiate supremacy have ceased to be leading ideas in the head-quarters of the University. There are about forty Heads of Houses and Professors, who are married or may marry; thirty or more Fellows of the Colleges which allow marriage; and about seventy members who fall under neither of these heads, and yet are under no celibate restriction. Of the latter large class many are parochial clergy, a considerable number of whom neither are, nor ever will be, Fellows of Colleges or in any official way connected with the work of the University or its component parts. It is not satisfactory to see matters of purely University business carried one way or the other by these men, who are no doubt very valuable and energetic in their parishes, but cannot be supposed to have so much interest in University

affairs as the inhabitants of the Colleges, and have certainly not had any great opportunity of acquiring knowledge of administrative details in the course of their studies for the ordinary degree. If the parochial clergy whose names are on the Roll were to agree on any given point, they could most probably carry their side of the question against the feeling of the purely Collegiate body. It is said here that the corresponding class in Oxford forms a powerful weapon in the Bishop's hands, and any large increase in the number of curates who are not at the same time Fellows of Colleges will be a misfortune to either University.

The new reredos, the gift of Professor Lightfoot, has at last appeared in St. Mary's, and with the usual exceptions it finds much favour. It consists of a centre and two wings, a sort of triptych, under canopy work. The central subject is the crucifixion, with the symbols of science at the foot of the cross, and St. Mary and St. John on either side. As this stands well forward, a certain school objects that it is to all intents and purposes a crucifix on the super-altar. A more sensible objection is, that the lower part of the chief figure is distorted in an unpleasant manner. The right wing represents St. Paul preaching at Athens, and the left, Samuel in the school of the prophets, both subjects very suitable for the Church of the University, although our younger men can scarcely be called sons of the prophets, nor is it true that they or any of us are too much devoted to reverencing demons of any kind. The alabaster carvings are by Armstead, and the white stone work by Farmer, and coloured marbles are also introduced with good effect. Perhaps the whole has one fault as a whole, namely, that it is too narrow by a foot or two, so that its top only extends laterally over the glass of the east window, leaving the jambs exposed. The wall on each side of the reredos is still exposed, the covering of that portion being no part of Professor Lightfoot's munificent undertaking, and the vicar of the church has issued an appeal for money to enable him to put in alabaster and marble work at a cost of £33. 10s., as also to restore the side walls, sedilia, &c., at a further cost of £107, exclusive of the architect's commission. This estimate only contemplates work of the very plainest description. If by any strange chance this appeal (coming as it does on the heels of so many like appeals) should be handsomely met, the proposal includes a new flooring of tiles or marble.

The rejection of the grace proposing the abolition of the University sermons during the month of September, is said to have excited great indignation among the members of the Council, twelve of whom are understood to have been in favour of it. There was a prevailing impression that the Council had not acted quite properly in the matter, and several votes were given against the grace on that account. As was mentioned in my last letter, the original grace to abolish the sermons *per annum vacationem*, called forth so much adverse opinion on the occasion of the discussion in the Arts School, that the phrase was altered to *per mensem Septembris*—an alteration on which no discussion was invited. Men of legal minds objected that the statutes of the University reserve the right to abolish the sermons *per annum vacationem*, and that to abolish them for one part only, and not throughout the whole, would be *ultra vires*—to which it is replied that if we choose to do it, there is no one to interfere with us. It is more seriously objected, that in framing the altered grace the Council paid no attention to the strong and unanimous opinion expressed at the discussion, that something should be done to improve the present arrangements for the summer sermons, as, for instance, that select preachers should be carefully chosen for that portion of the year as well as for full term time, for it must be remembered that in some colleges very nearly a third of the men are up in the long vacation. The Senate is already sufficiently jealous of its Council, and graces will always be rejected which ignore or appear to ignore the expressed wishes of those who carry the sense of the meetings for discussion in the Arts Schools.

It has been ruled recently that when an incepting Master of Arts has once declared himself a member of the Church of England, he can openly attach himself to any communion or sect, and yet retain his place and privilege as a member of the Senate. And so the name of a Roman Catholic M.A., a man of whom in himself the University might be proud, has reappeared on the Electoral Roll and the list of members of the Senate, after many years' absence from University lists. The palpable absurdity of disallowing all men who will not declare themselves members of the Church of England at the time of proceeding to their M.A. degree, and yet allowing any one who, after having once made such a declaration, chooses to become a Mahomedan or anything or nothing in the world, is a great trouble to many here, and yet no remedy seems possible. A contemporary published a letter on the subject a fortnight ago, and the *Daily News*, in a short leader founded upon the letter, pressed the opinion that, once this loophole discovered, there must be a general opening of the ranks of the administrators of the University to men of all sects who qualify by proceeding to the necessary degrees and residing within the required limits. We are thankful to be able to feel that as yet there is little hope of that view finding favour with a majority among us. It will be seen from this letter that there are several interesting and serious questions before the University, and more than ever it becomes necessary for us to bear in mind the old motto, "Gang warily."

THE Porte is about to establish a permanent hygienic commission, with a special office at the palace of the Grand Vizier, which will have power to make sanitary arrangements in every part of Turkey.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XXXIII.—THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—No. 1.

A WRITER in the *Eclectic Review* some time ago remarked that the manners and customs of the Fiji islanders were better understood by the British public than those of the Society of Friends. The loss is ours; for a more intimate acquaintance with their organization will furnish many examples for the imitation of Christians of all denominations.

The Society of Friends possess many singular characteristics. In the midst of a people eminently aristocratic in their ideas and habits dwell a sect whose political principles would appear at first sight to be those of the purest republicanism. While setting at naught all social distinction of rank, however, and tolerating rather than approving all temporal dignities and titles, not even excepting royalty itself, they are, without exception, the best regulated and most loyally conducted portion of the population. While professing and exhibiting perfect independence of manner and great self-respect in their daily communications with their fellow-citizens, they contrive the while to maintain the most perfect courtesy. In no class of society, indeed, is habitual civility of manner more observable. True, some fanatic Quaker of the old school may occasionally push his independent principles to something bordering on rudeness, as, for example, the "Friend" who lately refused to remove his hat when serving on a jury in Liverpool; but instances of this kind are the rare exception. The case alluded to, we happen to know, gave great annoyance to the general body of the Society. One Quaker gentleman informed us he much regretted that Baron Bramwell had remitted the fine of £10 which he had at first imposed, as it would have been a well merited punishment for a deliberate act of rudeness, when the remission cast a certain amount of ridicule over their whole body. "That man," he continued, "did not even act up to our own rules. While insisting on perfect equality and independence of manner, we equally insist on perfect courtesy; and even if he had thought fit to act up to a rule now almost obsolete among us, he had merely to enter the court with his hat on, and he would afterwards have been at perfect liberty to remove it at his own convenience or pleasure."

It would far exceed our limits to enter into anything like a detailed description of the somewhat complicated organization of the Society of Friends, still less to give even a sketch of their history. All we shall do is simply to describe them as they appear among us in the present day. The administration of the affairs of the Society, both religious and social, seems to be vested entirely in three different committees—the monthly, the quarterly, and the yearly. The monthly meetings are held in different parts of the country in which the Friends reside, and are open to all members who live within a certain area. Upon these monthly meetings devolve the duties of providing for the wants of the poorer members of the community and the education of their children. They are also called upon to judge of the sincerity of persons applying to be received as members of the Society, and to grant certificates of membership to such as remove to other districts; also the allowing of marriages, and the sanctioning of those who believe themselves called by the Holy Spirit to fill the weighty office of the ministry. When any one has been engaged in this vocation for a sufficient length of time to enable the members of the monthly meeting to form a right judgment of the case, the consideration of his admission is introduced to the meeting. If, on solidly deliberating on the subject, it be the judgment of the monthly meeting that "a gift in the ministry has been bestowed upon him by the holy Head of the Church," a record is made, acknowledging the individual as a minister in unity with their body.

Great care is taken by the monthly meetings to ascertain that parties who propose to marry have the consent of parents or guardians, and that in all things their proceedings are consistent with Gospel order. Marriages are conducted in simplicity, but with seriousness, being solemnized in meetings for public worship. The naming of children is without ceremony. Burials are also very simple; the relatives and friends of the deceased surround the grave in solemn silence, when it not unfrequently occurs that one or more Friends engage in prayer to the Father of Spirits, or address those who are assembled to witness the scene in the language of consolation, or exhortation, or warning. No religious ceremony, however, is considered as essential to burial, the Friends believing that the Holy Spirit, under every circumstance, is an all-sufficient Comforter and Teacher.

As it is admitted among the Society of Friends that women are endowed with the gift of preaching, they are admitted into the ministry. Women have likewise accorded to them the right of taking a share in some parts of the discipline, in which their own sex is especially concerned. For this purpose, the women have monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, held at the same time as the men, but separately, and without the power of making rules. In order that the state of all the different meetings may be ascertained by the general body, the monthly meetings send to the quarterly meetings answers to certain queries; which answers are embodied into a general one and forwarded to the yearly meeting. The various important subjects comprehended in these queries include the following:—Whether all marriages have been conducted according to the rules of the Society, and if any exceptions, in what manner they could justly be complained of; whether good care has been taken to relieve the wants of their indigent fellow members, and to look to the education of their children; how far "vain sports, places of public amusement, gaming, and intemperance" have been avoided; whether "faithful and Christian testimony has been borne against all ecclesiastical demands, and against every thing connected with war;" and whether the discipline in all parts has been faithfully and impartially enforced?

The "Meeting for Sufferings" of the Society of Friends is well known by name. It took its origin as far back as the year 1675, when it was "Agreed that certain Friends be nominated to keep a constant meeting about sufferings, four times a year, and that at least one Friend from each county be appointed by the quarterly meeting thereof, to be in readiness to repair to any of the said meetings, at such times as their urgent occasions or sufferings may require." As the persecution of the Society increased, these meetings were held more frequently, until at last they were required to be held at least once a week. It seems that the weekly meetings of the Sufferings' Committee only ceased in the year 1794, although for many previous years the necessity for these frequent assemblies had happily passed away. This Committee still retains its original name, but many other duties are entrusted to it respecting the discipline of the Society, especially those requiring immediate attention, and also such matters as may occasion application to the Legislature for the relief of the Society "in regard to its Christian testimonies." In the present day, these grievances appear to be almost entirely connected with the claims of the State Church, whether for tithes, Church-rates, or any other ecclesiastical imposts. Immediately after the spring quarterly meetings the accounts of distraints arising from the non-payment of such obligations are sent to the revising clerk in London, in order to their being examined by the Meeting for Sufferings, or a committee of that meeting, that they may be inquired into and, if possible, redressed.

Of the many admirable characteristics of the Society of Friends there is none which stands out more prominently than the treatment of their poor. Nor is this to be wondered at in a community which adopts brotherly love and charity among its leading principles. From the earliest records of the Society we see these virtues have been particularly inculcated. At their yearly meeting in London in 1709 the following entry is found among the minutes of its proceedings:—"Advised, that where Friends want ability in the world, their monthly and quarterly meetings shall assist them." Again, in 1718, "With respect to the poor among us, it ought to be considered that the poor, both parents and children, are of our family; and although some may think the poor a burthen, yet be it remembered when our poor are well provided for and walk orderly they are an ornament to our Society; and the rich should consider 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" It should also be remembered that the relief afforded to their poor by the Quakers is entirely of a voluntary nature, each giving according to his own dictates on the occasion. But while liberally contributing to the necessities of their poorer brethren, they do not fail emphatically to impress upon them that it is their duty, by frugality and industry, to use their strenuous efforts to maintain themselves and their families, and by small savings in time of health to provide for sickness and old age, so as not to be dependent on others. In the administration of their charity they also insist on the rich being personally acquainted with their poor, to draw them together in closer fellowship, "so that the exercise of brotherly love, which is the foundation of their whole system of relief, will not less be found between meetings than between individuals, which will tend to harmonious co-operation in carrying out this part of the Friends' Christian economy."

The subject of education, both among the wealthier and

poorer portions of their community, is held as of paramount importance by the Society of Friends. Although private schools have been in vogue among them almost from the days of George Fox himself, it was not till the year 1777 that steps were taken for the formation of what is usually known as a public school. In that year a Quaker physician, John Fothergill, a man enjoying a high reputation in his profession, heard that the foundling hospital at Ackworth, near Pontefract, was to be discontinued, and that the house and grounds (the latter extending over eighty-seven acres) would shortly be for sale. He accordingly proposed to some Friends to subscribe the amount necessary for the purchase, amounting to about £7,000, and to open the building as a school on a large scale, on such moderate terms that the children of those in comparatively slender circumstances might obtain as good an education as those of the wealthier portion of their community. The scheme was promptly taken up by the Society at large, the necessary funds were rapidly subscribed, and on the 25th March, 1779, the school was opened for 180 boys and 120 girls. Ackworth School has from that day maintained a successful and uninterrupted course of usefulness, no fewer than 8,296 children having been educated in it from its opening to the present time. The cost of each child for the year 1864 was £29. 6s. 10d., including expenses of every description. The average cost, however, to the parent of each child for the year was only £16. 2s. 5d., the deficiency being made up by subscriptions, from private sources, of upwards of £1,000 per annum, and by legacies and donations averaging for the last six years about £800 per annum more. The course of instruction includes a sound English education, with the rudiments of French and Latin for the upper forms. The ages of the scholars lie between nine and fifteen. The management of these schools is intrusted to a committee of twenty-eight members, seven of whom retire annually and are not eligible for re-election that year. Their successors are nominated by the committee itself, and their selection is confirmed by the general meeting annually held in the schools in June. Attached to the school is also the Flounders Institute, a foundation established through the liberality of Benjamin Flounders, of Yarm, in 1848. It provides board, lodging, and instruction, for twelve pupils entirely free of cost. The course includes every branch of a liberal collegiate education, and has qualified many young men for the London University examinations. These foundation scholarships are designed for training young men as teachers in schools and the families of Friends. Many men of great eminence have been educated in these Ackworth schools; among others the late Mr. Wilson, the Indian Finance Minister; Mr. Gilpin, late of the Poor Law Board, and Mr. John Bright, M.P.

There are three other schools in England belonging to the Society of Friends under similar organization with those at Ackworth, with the exception that they are subjected to the direct control of committees resident in their neighbourhoods without reporting their proceedings to the general body. These are situated at Croydon, in Surrey; at Sidcot, in Somersetshire; and Wigton, in Cumberland.

There are four other public boarding-schools belonging to the Society of Friends into which the children of those not in membership, but who are connected with them by marriage, descent, or otherwise, are admitted. These are also largely supported by subscriptions, donations, and legacies. The balance of property in the hands of these eight institutions in the year 1863 was £126,000. In the same year 729 children were under instruction. In addition to the above, which are intended for the children of those not in affluence, and for the poor, there are scattered over the country many other boarding-schools, affording with the foregoing ample accommodation for all the children of their Society. For example, in the city of York there are two excellent schools, under the control of the Quarterly Meeting of Friends in Yorkshire, one for about 60 boys the other for 36 girls. In these all the branches of a liberal education are taught, and the full cost, averaging £50 per annum, is paid for each child. There is also an excellent proprietary school at Tottenham for the children of the wealthy portion of their community at a cost of 100 guineas per annum for each pupil.

Of the education given, as well as the discipline pursued in their higher class schools, the system practised at York may serve as an example. In the first place, a good English education forms the basis. Instruction in the classics and modern languages is also given, but only at the discretion of the parents. The result, however, almost always is that the pupil is taught Latin and French; more than one-third of the whole number learn German, and eleven or twelve Greek. Lectures and instruction are also given in the practical sciences. Astronomy, so singularly neglected in most of our public

schools, seems with them to be a favourite study. An observatory is fitted up for the use of the pupils with all the necessary appliances, comprising equatorial and transit instruments, &c., and many of the senior scholars acquire great proficiency in their use. A large teaching power is at once the secret of success and the test of efficiency in their public schools. The proportion of masters to scholars in these schools is very great. It would perhaps be impossible indeed to find in any other public schools in England so numerous a staff of teachers to an equal number of scholars. A very erroneous impression appears to prevail among the public respecting the physical education of the children of Quakers, it being generally imagined that they have but little love for athletic sports or manly exercises. This, however, is altogether incorrect. As much care in the present day appears to be taken in developing muscular activity and energy among the boys in the Friends' schools as in those of any other denomination whatever. In the York school cricket and football are not only permitted but encouraged. Boating is also allowed under three conditions:—ability to swim, the permission of parents, and the presence of a junior master. In their studies emulation is maintained solely by the number of marks given for each lesson, and of which an exact account is kept, but there are no prizes. The Holy Scriptures are publicly read morning and evening. Kneeling by the bedside in prayer is encouraged, but it is not compulsory. On Sundays, besides attendance at public worship, much attention is given to spiritual instruction.

Of the specially public schools belonging to the Society of Friends in England there are in all twelve, in which the pupils pay but a portion of the expenses incurred. The amount required, however, varies considerably in different schools. In Ackworth, for example, it averages about £16 a year; in Croydon, £12; in Sidcot, £18. The two highest are Waterford and Mount Mellick, where they rise to £23; and the two lowest, Lisburn and Brookfield, in which they sink to £5. 10s. The Society of Friends make a more than ample provision for the education of their children. In their twelve public boarding-schools there is accommodation for 1,027 pupils, but the number under instruction rarely exceeds 900. These figures, it must be remembered, include only a part of the educational provision made by the Society of Friends for their children. Enough, however, has been stated to show the vast importance attached by this body to the necessity of instruction.

On religious subjects the Society of Friends appear to differ from the generality of Protestant communities principally on three points:—

1. In not considering human learning essential to a Gospel minister.
2. In believing that no individual man has a right to assume the exclusive exercise of the ministry in a congregation of Christians; but that all, both male and female, who are rightly moved thereto, may exercise the gift.
3. That this ministry being, if rightly received, received freely and without pecuniary expense to qualify for it, ought therefore to be freely communicated, and no further support should therefore be expected by ministers than what is "authorized by Christ and was practised by his Apostles."

Their reasons for arriving at the first conclusion appear to be principally drawn from the fact that human literature is nowhere recommended for the ministry in the New Testament, and likewise because many of the Apostles were illiterate men. The Apostle Paul, although a man of learning, disdained its influence in his ministry, as appears especially from the first and second chapters of his Epistle to the Corinthians. Singularly enough, there is no community in England, as we have already shown, which, as a body, sets so high a value upon the advantages to be derived from education, or which makes greater exertions to spread it not only among their own body but among others. Whether there is any inconsistency between the theory and practice of the Society on this subject, it would be fruitless and unprofitable to inquire.

In defence of the second proposition, their arguments appear to be more consistent, especially when they maintain the justice of admitting women as well as men to participation and exercise in the Gospel ministry. They admit the objection founded upon the prohibition laid down upon women's speaking and teaching in the Church, and usurping authority over the men (1 Tim. 11 and 15), but argue that on every occasion where there is any supposed difference between one part of the Scriptures and another, the Scripture itself is its best exponent; and they show the many instances in which women as well as men were engaged in the ministry. Passing over Miriam, Deborah, and Huldah, they point to Anna, a prophetess in the Jewish Church, publicly proclaiming in the

Temple the birth of the Messiah. They urge that women were the first witnesses of our Lord's resurrection, and were commissioned by Him to proclaim this important truth to the disciples. After the ascension, women were, equally with men, the partakers of the effusion of the Holy Spirit. Several are mentioned as being fellow-labourers with the Apostles in the Gospel of Christ. Luke says, speaking of Philip the Deacon, that he had four daughters, who did prophesy. They quote also the Apostle Paul, who says, in his Epistle to the Romans, "I commend unto you Phebe, our sister, who is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea. Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus. Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour in the Lord." And likewise in his Epistle to the Philippians, iv. 3: "Help those women which laboured with me in the Gospel." Besides these, they point out many other passages in the Holy Scriptures, which they maintain fully authorize the employment of women in the ministry.

As with men, a vast difference exists in the preaching capabilities of the female ministers among the Quakers. Some speak but for a short time, often but a few sentences, and those not always appropriate; others are both long and tedious, with little beyond good intentions to recommend them. Others, again, speak admirably. Without offering any opinion of our own upon the propriety of women taking any part in the ministry, we may remark that eloquence the most persuasive, and language the most beautiful may frequently be heard among the female Quakers. Of the most eloquent among them may especially be named Hannah Wilson, of Kendal; Catherine Backhouse, of Darlington; Charlotte Burger, of Worcester; Christine Alsop and Mary Anne Bayes, of Stoke Newington; Anna Forster and Mary Stacy, of Tottenham; Martha Braithwaite, of Westminster; Hannah Marsh, of Croydon, &c. Although, of course, different degrees of eloquence are found among the pious women above named, all may be listened to with pleasure and advantage.

Nor is this faculty of addressing meetings on sacred and social subjects possessed solely by the female members of the Society of Friends. Many members of other Christian denominations are also possessed of the gift of persuasive eloquence. Mrs. Bayly, for example, has done much to civilize and reform the degraded population of the Potteries. Miss Adeline Cooper, among the costermongers and others of the lowest class in the back-slums of Westminster, has also effected a vast amount of good. We believe that these two ladies, in their separate fields of labour, have produced more reformation than any ordained minister of religion or city missionary could have done, however energetic and conscientious. Again, we had lately the good fortune to hear Miss Mary Carpenter address a meeting of some two thousand operatives in Sheffield, on the degradation and misery of the children of drunken parents, and we never heard either bishop or archbishop listened to with so much genuine attention and respect.

Although all the members of the Society of Friends appear to be on an equality as regards public worship, there are among them certain unpaid members who possess the title of ministers. These are chosen from among the different congregations, for their piety, zeal, and ability; but before they are recognised in that capacity by the Society at large, the proposition to receive them is made to a men's monthly meeting, and that question is always entertained before entering upon any other business. Should the meeting consent to receive the proposed ministers, it either then, or at a suitable opportunity, proceeds, in conjunction with the members of the women's monthly meeting, to the consideration and conclusion of the case. The Society possess, however, the power of displacing any minister who has given cause of dissatisfaction either in doctrine or behaviour. The offending person (by a rule passed in the year 1723, and which is still in force) "is first to be dealt with privately in a Gospel spirit and manner. If this should not take effect, then a complaint is to be made of such person to the monthly meeting to which he or she may belong, in order that proceedings thereon may be taken and the affair settled with all possible expedition."

Their arguments against the maintenance or salaries of ministers are principally based on the words used by our Saviour when he sent his disciples on their mission, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither silver, nor gold, nor brass in your purses, for the workman is worthy of his meal. And into whatsoever city or town ye may enter inquire who in it is worthy, and therein abide till ye go thence. And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city shake off the dust of your feet." This text they hold to contain all the directions necessary for the conduct of the ministers of Christ, both when their ministry is received and when it is rejected. All

they will permit in way of remuneration is when any are travelling in the work of the ministry; he or she may be provided with temporary accommodation, but only to such an extent as shall prevent their attention being called off to temporal cares and occupations. The missionaries are therefore particularly advised to indulge in no indiscretion in their request for hospitality, but merely to receive as much as shall suffice for their absolute requirements. By these strict regulations against the payment of their ministers the Quakers consider they not only prevent unqualified and immoral men from entering the ministry, but also destroy the temptation which actuated the corrupted sons of Eli in their demand. "Put me, I pray Thee, into one of the priest's offices, that I may eat a piece of bread."—1 Sam. ii. 36.

Among the ministers and congregations of the Society of Friends are many men of great talent and eloquence. Of those who have obtained the greatest celebrity may be named—

Benjamin Leabohn, of Luton. This gentleman, a German by birth, was for some time employed in the American missions. He is also the author of two works on the lives of Stephen Gullet and William Forster.

John Pease, of Denbigh. The former of these gentlemen is known among the Society of Friends as the golden trumpet, the latter as the silver trumpet.

Joseph Pease, also of Denbigh.

James Backhouse, of York. This gentleman has also been extensively employed in foreign missions, especially in South Africa, Mauritius, Norway, &c.

Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, of London, a barrister.

John Haelgkin, of Lewes, also a barrister.

Samuel Fox, of Tottenham.

Joseph Thorpe, of Halifax. For many years clerk to the yearly meeting.

Isaac Skays, of Middlesborough, recently employed in missions to Greenland, Iceland, Faroe Isles, and Labrador.

It must not be imagined that this list by any means comprises all the ministers of power and eloquence in the Society of Friends. We have merely quoted some of the names of those best known among them.

FINE ARTS.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

A COLLECTION of water-colour drawings formed by Mr. McClean, and exhibited at his new gallery in the Haymarket, well deserves to be noticed among the exhibitions got up by the professed picture-dealers at this "out of the season" time. There are more than one hundred and fifty drawings, and of these very few indeed could be passed over, all having some points of interest. The examples of old David Cox and Copley Fielding, with one by C. Barrat—an artist of the earlier times of water-colour painting—exhibited side by side with the most modern works of the young painters who glory in having changed "all that," serve to raise the question, whether the art has been advanced by the most recent productions? If we compare, for example, Mr. Edmund Warren's extraordinary picture (39), "Spring," "The First Notes of the Cuckoo,"—which we noticed in the last of the New Water-Colour Society's exhibitions—with the drawings of David Cox and Copley Fielding, so great are the differences of aim and method that the two pictures can scarcely be considered as belonging to the same walk of art. The old style—which, we are glad to say, is not by any means abandoned by the best men of the day—required great imaginative faculty and a force of execution that gave full play to this; it relied upon truthful and vivid expression of general effects, which impressed the mind of the artist without caring for minutiae. The artist struck off at once while he felt the impulse of beauty upon him, and his drawing generally gained something by the charm of feeling which we admire and enjoy so much in a good sketch. Now, the new style—as we see it in such works as Mr. Warren's "Spring" and, we may add, Mr. Birket Foster's drawings, several excellent examples of which are to be studied in the exhibition before us—relies upon something quite opposite to this imaginative style. The beauty of the natural scenery may be equally felt by both, but the one painter sets himself deliberately to copy every point of interest; while the other generalizes, like a poet, and appeals, therefore, to the mind, and not merely to the eye. We have consented to accept a great deal of this realism, not only in painting, but in what has been called word-painting, and even the stage has been made a place for realistic presentments, till the public appetite for such palpable impressions on the senses has begun to turn against them. It is true of dramatic realism that no great actor could paint the emotions if he felt it all himself—he would be exhausted in the effort. But this is not wholly true; he having learnt the consummation of his art in appearing to feel, only through having felt at some time the emotions he portrays. The realistic painter, on the other hand, does not succeed in appearing to feel what he paints, and so far he misses the great function of his art. Pictures like Mr. Warren's "Spring," and all, in fact,

that he paints; Mr. Birket Foster's, Mr. Carl Werner's, in general, Mr. Paul Naftel's drawings, those of Mr. W. P. Coleman, and Mr. H. T. Greene, which are in emulation of Mr. Birket Foster's, are all instances more or less evident of the painter's "getting up," as the actor would say. In this respect they are wonderfully good, and there is throughout them an air of truth which deceives for a moment, but we find ourselves always peering into the "get up"—trying to see how it is done, and if every point of costume in the dress of nature is correct. Often the result is, as in Mr. Warren's "Spring," that we pronounce it like nature, but yet how very unlike—how unnatural; those staring greens in the ferns, and the trees, and those startling patches of blue in the sky paint the face of nature as a caricature. The truth lies deeper than all this surface work of mere paint which represents the "get up" of the actor; he ought to be able to impress us without it as well as Garrick did when he played Richard III. in a court suit of the day. That it can be dispensed with we may see by many beautiful drawings in this Exhibition; more especially, we should say, by David Cox's "Dover" (90) and Copley Fielding's "Loch Lomond" (88) and "Sussex Downs" (99); even in Mr. Barrat's Claude-like and very weak classicalities of the drawing called, of course, "A Composition" (98) there are qualities which appeal more to the imagination and the finer sentiments, than in the hard and laboured imitations to which we have been referring. But there are not wanting some drawings by Mr. Duncan, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Davidson, which show us what the art can accomplish when followed without any forcing of the resources of the water-colour painter. There are also some drawings extremely rich in colour, and painted with great freedom by Mr. E. Lundgren, whose name is so well known in connection with Indian subjects, of which he has made some admirable sketches. No. 33, "The Indian Bajadere Nautch Girl, Lucknow," is a good example of his talent in this class of subject, and (70) "The Green Domino" is one of his best picturesque figures.

By Mr. John Gilbert, there are two of his very clever dramatic pictures; full of mannerism, as usual, but still highly descriptive and characteristic. (46) "Launcelot Gobbo and his Father," and (81) "A Scene from Gil Blas." By Mr. Carl Haag, there is a drawing which was exhibited recently at the old Society of Water-colour Painters, (78) "Bab-el-Kataneen, Jerusalem," a beautiful drawing of a Moresque gateway, seen under an effect of bright sunlight, with a procession of Orientals leaving the shade of the archway. "Hunters in the Olden Time" (34) is a tolerably good specimen of Mr. Frederick Taylor's talent in these very picturesque subjects. By Mr. F. Walker, whose drawings have been noticed at the New Society for the neatness of the execution and a certain peculiar delicacy of colour, there is a clever little drawing called "Taking Possession." Some Cochinchina hens, stalking in their awkward waddling way, into a stable-yard amongst the regular inhabitants, and to the great amusement of the groom and some of the master's children. A gleam of warm evening sunlight across the picture gives an effect of colour which is agreeable, and truthfully rendered. A drawing called "Meditation" (24), by Mr. J. D. Linton, is noticeable as the effort of a young artist, in whose work there is much promise, though in subject it promises not much that is remarkable, being merely a young lady, fashionably dressed, reclining in her chair, thinking of nothing but herself. It is the nice management of the tones of grey, with the exception of a certain tendency to green, and the general colour of the picture, that make it interesting to the artist's eye. Some good sketches by Cattermole, and a pencil drawing of fawns by Rosa Bonheur, with one or two of the drawings for illustration of Mr. Dickens's "Mutual Friend," by Mr. M. Stone, contribute also to render this exhibition well worth notice when gems of art are out of season.

MUSIC.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S new opera, "Ida," produced on Wednesday by the Royal English Opera Company, is certainly not the worst of the recent efforts of native talent; but, if even it were the best, it would by no means justify a continuance in what seems now to be a hopeless endeavour to foster English dramatic music. Nothing could be more plainly demonstrated than has been the fact that there is not among us the slightest spark of native musical genius, and very little of that inferior power which is yet able to mould and fuse the detached ideas of others into a consistent and artistic whole. It was by this latter process that Meyerbeer gradually attained something very like originality of style, if not the reality; but, whatever the degree of his creative genius, Meyerbeer was certainly an exceptional man, with an intense perception of dramatic effect, and an almost unexampled persistence in the laborious and minute finish and polish by which he slowly wrought his first somewhat crude materials into coherent shape. His posthumous opera, "L'Africaine," eminently exemplifies this—having of course been deprived of that personal superintendence at rehearsals by means of which Meyerbeer was accustomed so to alter his music, by constant changes of addition and omission, that the work as presented to the public differed widely from its state when first distributed to the singers for study. It would be too much to expect the appearance of an English Mozart or Beethoven, or similar composer of the first class, but it does seem strange that we cannot even approach that mere neatness of construction and coherent style which, even without originality, exercises some charm and entitles the production to rank as a work,

if not strictly speaking a composition. This, however, is the fact—English music (that is, works of pretension, such as operas) is never anything better than a jumble of reminiscences or paraphrases from foreign sources, linked together by intermediate conventional platitudes, plentifully besprinkled with sentimental ballads, the sale of one or two of which is to remunerate the publisher by whom the music is printed, and by whose influence, in most cases, the opera has been accepted at the theatre. While this is tolerated by the public, and lauded by newspaper writers, there is little hope for any such progress as can alone render English dramatic music a reality worthy of a special establishment for its performance, and of detailed analysis with reference to principles of art.

These remarks, as already indicated, are rather general than special to Mr. Leslie's opera; which, indeed, is one of the best of recent productions of the kind. Still, however, we cannot accept it as more than a clever exercise—one which would have been well worth a private hearing as the effort of a promising student who has acquired considerable skill in the art of writing for voices and orchestra, but has yet to find ideas and a style of his own. That Mr. Leslie may ultimately attain the latter requisites may be possible; although, from his many previous works (chiefly sacred music, vocal part-songs, and smaller pieces) his progress towards that desirable end appears to be but slow. At least it may be conceded that Mr. Leslie evinces the culture of a well-read musician, with considerable feeling for the graceful and expressive—many instances of which are apparent in "Ida." All the ballads are smoothly written; among the best may be specified "A loving heart to win I sought," charmingly sung by Mr. Cummings, and "When first I saw his noble form," given with great refinement by Mdle. Ida Gilliess. Still better, indeed the best and most finished piece in the opera is the prayer for Ida, "Holy mother! ah, befriend me," sung by Mdle. Gilliess with genuine pathos and sentiment. The ballad for Mr. Patey, "With ardent hopes," capably sung as it was, also made a favourable impression; yet, with little to find fault with in these smaller pieces, there was scarcely a phrase which lingered in the ear, excepting occasionally as a reminiscence of something previously heard elsewhere. In the more ambitious portions of the opera, the concerted pieces and finales, Mr. Leslie betrays the crudeness of inexperience in writing for masses of instruments and voices in combination with dramatic action; while the jumble of styles—now a phrase à la Mendelssohn, then a passage in the commonest dance style, succeeded by some decidedly Spohr-like progressions, followed by some rampant scale passages for brass instruments in unison, driven (in Verdi fashion) through long-sustained chords—the very antithesis of Spohr's minutely-shifting harmonies—all this heterogeneous and sudden admixture of styles and schools, without the slightest fusion or cohesion, has a piecemeal effect that is neither dramatic nor artistic. At the same time there are occasional passages of liveliness and brightness, as in the introduction to the first act; some clever instrumentation—with a general tendency, however, to excessive use of the noisy instruments, even in some of the lightest ballads—but all these incidental merits are insufficient to counteract that general impression of crudeness and patchwork which, together with the want of any originality, is fatal to the pretensions of such a work as a three-act opera.

The libretto, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, while carefully and, in some portions, effectively written, is too much like the old-fashioned conventional melodrama of mere action and spoken explanation to be well-suited to musical purposes. In two instances we actually have the stereotyped "Have at thee!" which, in olden time, used to accompany the drawing of a sword on the stage. The somewhat involved, although by no means interesting, story of the fallen fortunes of a noble German house, supposed to be under the especial guardianship of two storks which frequent the castle tower; the accidental shooting of one of these storks, and consequent discovery of a paper, attached to the bird's neck for safety, leading to the discovery of lost title-deeds; the love of the daughter of the ruined house for a supposed student, who is really a prince; the enmity and rage of the lady's brother, with the usual clearing up of mysteries and solving of difficulties, and happy termination—these are scarcely the materials for a three-act opera; and "Ida" is certainly not musically strong enough to surmount them.

The opera was exceedingly well performed, Mdle. Gilliess, as Ida, improving on the favourable impression she created by her first appearance in "Masaniello." Much interest was attached to the *début*, on the stage, of Mr. Cummings, our excellent concert-tenor who, as Rudolph, contributed greatly to the effect of the music; his pure and beautiful quality of voice, and smooth and expressive style, securing a success which he may yet enhance by a little more acquaintance with the requirements of dramatic action. The subordinate parts were generally well filled by Miss Heywood, Messrs. Corri, Cook, Lyall, and Dussek. The orchestra, with Mr. Mellon as conductor, and the chorus, were as efficient as usual at this establishment; and none of the demonstrations of a great success were wanting—all the principals, conductor, singers, composer, and author receiving the accustomed call before the curtain.

The programme of the short series of concerts at her Majesty's Theatre (to commence to-night), presents numerous features of interest. The vocalists are to be Miss Laura Harris, Mdles. Sarolta and Sinico, Mr. Santley, and Signori Stagno and Foli. Mdle. Emilia Arditi (a sister of Signor Arditi, the conductor), is to make her first appearance as a violinist. Various novelties are to be produced. Among others, Felicien David's cantata, "Le Désert,"

and selections from several operas previously unheard here. Some of the overtures, however, announced to be given "for the first time in England" have certainly been already performed in London.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE production of a new and original three-act comedy by a literary man who is able to get his living independently of the theatre, is a dramatic event of curious importance. It shows that no amount of managerial apathy and stupidity can repress the noble rage of those who have any real or fancied talent for stage-writing. Mr. T. W. Robertson is probably indebted to the taste and judgment of a brother author—Mr. H. J. Byron—for the production of his three-act play of "Society" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre last Saturday, and it says something for the liberality of Mr. Byron, who is himself in the full vigour of authorship, that such a piece should have been performed at a house which is understood to be, in some measure, under his control. "Society" is, we believe, the first work in which Mr. Robertson has relied upon his own powers of invention and observation; and, though it is far from being a perfect comedy of manners, or a model of dramatic construction, it is so full of literary strength and promise that we shall look with eagerness for the author's next drama. Mr. Robertson has been misled by the attractiveness of certain caricatures of his own class, and has neglected more enduring and truthful types of character equally within his reach. He has bestowed too little care on the development of his heroine, and has crowded his scenes with people who have no influence on the progress of the story. The highest art of the dramatist is shown in that happy combination in which the development of plot shows the workings of character, and the workings of character aid the development of plot. Mr. Robertson, with all his stage experience, has not yet reached this height of his art, and his comedy must be accepted quite as much for what it promises as what it performs. It contains an amusing sketch of a certain social literary club well known in London, and much talk about the mechanism of a daily newspaper. These are excrescences that are, perhaps, excusable in the work of a young literary man who thinks the little circle in which he lives and moves is of universal importance. The plot of "Society" is very simple; a young man of good family, the heir to a baronetcy, who has ruined himself to serve a brother, becomes a literary man and journalist. In this position he falls in love with a young lady who returns his love, and is rejected by her guardians as "a penniless scribbler." He is brought into contact with a rich "gent" who wants to get into "Society," and who becomes his rival for the hand of this lady. The "scribbler" triumphs in the end, not as a writer, but as a baronet and man of property, and defeats the "gent," not only in matrimony, but in a Parliamentary contest. The dialogue of the play is one of its great merits, and the acting is admirable. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Hare, and Miss Marie Wilton played in the true comedy spirit, and were ably assisted by a crowd of actors in minor parts. Mr. Hare, who comes from Liverpool, and has not been long on the stage, is one of the most careful and promising comedians we have had to welcome for a long time. The piece is rather unevenly put upon the stage, but it ought to become popular.

A long farce, of French origin, in two acts, called "Who Killed Cock Robin?" has been successfully produced at the Haymarket. It is very extravagant and very amusing—a little too much overloaded with "practical business,"—and it provides Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews with two light and effective characters. Mrs. Mathews plays an impulsive damsel of Mexican descent, whose energy bursts through all conventional bonds; and Mr. Mathews plays a part which has more earnestness than his usual run of farce characters. The acting is finished and satisfactory, Mr. Chippendale being exceedingly humorous as a stock stage father.

"Lady Audley's Secret" has been revived at the St. James's Theatre, with Miss Herbert in the principal character.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry have returned to the Gallery of Illustration, after a longer holiday than usual, with the entertainment—"A Peculiar Family" and Mr. Parry's "Musical Recollections"—which closed their last season. The first part, by Mr. William Brough, is essentially dramatic; the second is twenty years old, but excellent and full of humour.

The Strand Theatre will re-open to-night (Saturday), partially rebuilt and greatly improved, with a new burlesque by Mr. F. C. Burnand, on the subject of Meyerbeer's "Africaine." The opera, with the exception of Rossini's "Semiramide," or Mozart's "Zauberflöte," is the dullest ever put upon the stage, and we shall be curious to see what fun Mr. Burnand has been able to extract from it.

SCIENCE.

AN ingenious method of recording the tidal depth of harbours, docks, &c., so that vessels about to enter may be enabled to travel safely, has been described by Mr. Emile Duchemin. To a small float he attaches a plate of carbon and one of zinc, and connects these with the wires of an electric bell-ringing apparatus. When the float and battery are thrown into the sea, the bell will ring. If, therefore, they are suspended at any required height within reach of the tide, as soon as the water has risen sufficiently to set the

small battery in action, the bell will ring, and thus the apparatus may at pleasure be used to indicate any state of the tide.

Dr. Arthur Sansom thus sums up his views as to the *modus operandi* of chloroform:—Narcotism, or, to speak more particularly, chloroform-narcotism, is due, not to a special poison which "mounts up to the brain," but to the influence of an altered blood. Narcotism is suspended oxygenation. Whatever produces to a certain extent insufficient aëration of the blood, produces narcosis; and whatever produces narcosis produces, by some means or other, imperfect aëration of the blood. To produce the anæsthesia which chloroform effects, the following causes combine:—

1. The special action of chloroform preventing oxygenation.
2. Diminished arterial supply.
3. Sluggishness of flow in the capillaries.
4. Subdual of energy of the nerve-filaments distributed to the lungs.
5. Shallowness of respiration contributing to prevent free entrance of air into the blood.

M. Boussingault, to whose researches we alluded in a late number, has continued his experiments upon the leaves of plants. His last published essay refers to the action of certain gases upon plants. The observations upon the action of mercury on leaves are of great interest. When leaves are placed under a bell-glass, with their stalks immersed in mercury, it would appear that they are completely deprived of their power of decomposing carbonic acid; but, when they are not directly in contact with mercury, but still exposed to the metallic vapour, the decomposing power is lessened, but not completely destroyed. M. Boussingault has shown that leaves kept in the dark in contact with mercury transform quite as much oxygen into carbonic acid as a leaf similarly placed in confined air will when not in contact with mercury.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Tuesday:—The Institution of Civil Engineers at 8 p.m. Discussion upon Sir Charles Bright's paper, "The Telegraph to India, and its Extension to Australia and China."—Wednesday:—Society of Arts, 8 p.m. "On Water Supply, especially in Rural Parishes and Districts." By J. Bailey Denton, Esq.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about 3 per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.20 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly two-tenths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 428 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13.6 per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is, therefore, about two-tenths per cent. dearer in Hamburg than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 108½ to 108¾ per cent. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

Business in the Stock Exchange shows no revival, and there is, in particular, a remarkable absence of investments on the part of the public, who seem to have a cautious regard to the uncertain prospects of the money market, or are satisfied with the rates now allowed for deposits by the banks and discount establishments. Neither Government stocks nor railway or other securities seem to have any power of attraction, and most of the brokers complain much of the want of orders.

The biddings for £350,000 in bills on India took place on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were—to Calcutta, £263,800; to Madras, £1,500; and to Bombay, £100,000. The minimum price was, as before, 1s. 11½d. on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 11¾d. on Bombay. Tenders on Calcutta and Madras at 2s. will receive in full, and on Bombay at 2s. 0½d. about 20 per cent. Above these prices in full. These terms show an increase in the demand for means of remittance to the East.

The Scotia, from New York, brought £13,800 in specie, and the Borussia, £43,360.

The gold vessels now on their way from Australia are—the *Holmesdale*, with 107,037oz. of gold, valued at £428,148; and the *London*, with 85,440oz. gold, valued at £331,760; the *Maid of Judah*, 13,140oz., valued at £52,560, and 140,000 sovereigns; and the *Cornwallis*, with 15,352oz., valued at £61,408—the two first-named vessels being from Port Phillip, and the two last from Sydney.

The *Ripon*, for Bombay, takes out £406,285 in specie—viz., £19,992 in gold for Alexandria, and £1,128 in gold, and £392,165 in silver for Bombay.

The National Bank of Belgium has raised its rate of discount on bills to 6 per cent., on commercial securities to 6½ per cent., and on advances on stocks and shares to 6 per cent.

Advices from St. Petersburg of the 10th describe the exchanges as firm, and a considerable business done in bills on London. The tallow market was flatter, and 10,000 poods had been sold at 54.

Telegrams from Frankfort denote flatness in stocks and American Five-twenties, owing to the market being overstocked, and a report that the contract for the Austrian Loan had been signed.

Advices from Paris state that a contract for an Austrian 5 per cent. Loan for a nominal amount of £13,000,000, at a net price, it is believed of about 62, has been entered into with the Comptoir d'Escompte and the Vienna Crédit Foncier.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has forwarded a resolution to the Government protesting against further issues of the National Bank currency, and advocating a reduction of the legal tender currency.

The public debt of the United States on the 31st October amounted to \$2,740,000,000, being a reduction of \$4,000,000 since September.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

EGYPT AND SYRIA.*

To the Western nations, all forms of manners in the East have presented perplexities or supplied amusement from time immemorial. Egypt especially has always been a source of wonder and curiosity, with its worship of cats and crocodiles, the propensity of its inhabitants to burrow under the earth, the supernatural gravity of its men, the immodesty of its women, and the extraordinary phenomena which physical nature there exhibits. With none of these does Mr. Hill much concern himself, though he philosophises occasionally on morals, manners, and religions. He belongs, however, to the minute school of observers, confining himself generally to small things on which he bestows as much attention as he probably would on solving the problem of the universe. This preternatural earnestness about trifles often renders him entertaining. He never pauses to inquire whether this or that peculiarity in the nature of the country or its inhabitants has not been already described a thousand times by other visitors, but, as if he had fortunately got into a *terra incognita*, perseveres complacently in disclosing circumstances which every traveller from Baumgarten to the author of the last overland journey has dwelt upon with more or less prolixity. We would not, however, affirm that Mr. Hill is innocent of all acquaintance with the works of his predecessors. He has probably peeped into "Isis" and the "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," together with sundry other productions, treating of Muslim manners and the tyranny of Turkish Pashas. But he has a way of his own, characterized by seriousness and simplicity, which occasionally renders his narrative amusing in spite of himself. He goes up the river as far as Philæ, and reveals frankly the many turns and nervous twitchings of timidity that beset him by the way. We once met a gentleman in Nubia who, through excess of *bonhomie*, had suffered his boat's crew and dragoman to beat him, because he had persuaded himself that, at so great a distance from Cairo, the pasha's firman which he carried in his pocket was no longer of potency to protect him. To this extent Mr. Hill does not go, but he shrinks occasionally from entering a village through apprehension of what the poor fellahs may do to him, though, had he really known their disposition, he might have lain down and slept in safety on any mastabah in the place. Apropos of mastababs, Mr. Hill entertains the strange notion that this mystical term signifies part of a shop, and not the seat which is usually placed beside doors in Cairo for the master of the house to rest upon while he smokes or chats with his neighbours. It is an old trick of dragomans to seek to terrify their employers, for two reasons: firstly, to create a lofty idea of their own courage, which induces them to brave all kinds of danger for their masters; secondly, that they may always have a pretext to fall back upon when they feel too lazy to do any more work on a particular day. The poor sheepish villagers, trembling at the bare name of effendi or pasha, are then transformed into fierce brigands, to venture among whom would be to court death. After such an announcement, the traveller, out of solicitude for life and limb, generally retreats to his boat, which, by way of further precaution, he anchors next night in the middle of the stream. Next day, when the dragoman has less objection to locomotion, he probably takes the simple traveller to the very village he shunned the day before, and, if detected, laughs at his own ingenuity.

Mr. Hill is a jolly, good-natured, harmless sort of traveller, with whom it is ungracious to find fault; yet we cannot help remarking that he does not excel in descriptive powers. He passes through some of the most exciting and extraordinary scenes in the world without appearing to be in the least conscious of their beauty. The stupendous quarries of El Massara, the precipices of Chenoboscion, rising up sheer five hundred feet from the river, the mighty caverns of Siout, the magnificent plains of Denderah and Thebes, the rocks of Silsilis, the granitic and basaltic mountains that overhang the cataract of Es-Sondar, produce no effect upon his imagination; so that, instead of chronicling his own experience, he almost appears to be compiling from previous travellers. The Nile itself fails to elicit from his pen a single burst of enthusiasm, though, taken altogether, it is certainly one of the most beautiful and interesting rivers in the world, now spreading out its lakes many miles in breadth fringed with palm-trees, and reflecting the forms of numerous villages and vast ruins; now contracting its volume, and rushing with resistless force between the rocks that hem it in; now crimsoned by the rising or setting sun, and now calm and placid as a mirror, reflecting innumerable stars and constellations. It is at Cairo that he is most at home, gossiping through an interpreter with shopkeepers, admiring the Oriental ladies (through their veils of course) visiting Copts, the most uncleanly of human beings, and, to display his state and consequence, parading on horseback through the streets in fez and burnoose. As we proceed, some of Mr. Hill's oddities gradually peep out: he has a fancy, for example, which, in spite of all the varieties of human character, we nevertheless think peculiar to himself—we mean a partiality for flies. To cure himself of this predilection, he certainly could not have hit upon a better expedient than visiting the land of the Pharaohs, where the god of flies—high Beelzebub—has from time immemorial set up his tabernacle. Years ago, it seems Mr. Hill took to the study of "Tristram Shandy," which he now requires to glance over again, since he attributes one of the

finest touches in Uncle Toby's character to his morose and stiff-necked brother Shandy. "Go," said he to a fly that had long buzzed about his nose at dinner, taking it gently in the hollow of his hand, and putting it carefully out of the window—"go thy way! There is room enough in the world for thee and for me!" Had Uncle Toby endeavoured to drink a cup of coffee on the banks of Lake Mareotis, near Alexandria, or near the Khalish in Cairo, he might probably have become sceptical on the point in question. Instead of having to do with one pertinacious fly, he would have had to encounter millions, humming, buzzing, alighting on head, face, hands, eyes, creeping up his nostrils and down his neck, and precipitating themselves in solid masses into his cup, despite the palm fly-flapper which he would be whisking about to keep his winged friends at a respectful distance. We admit the truth of the axiom, that there is no accounting for tastes; yet we cannot but experience a little surprise at Mr. Hill's passion for flies, which he seriously prefers to sparrows. Now, your sparrow is a pleasant companion, fond of human society, and grateful for crumbs. If Christians would get out of the ugly habit of killing him, in imitation of their neighbours the Muslims, he would cultivate additional familiarity with them, fly into their drawing-rooms, alight on their breakfast-tables, and receive thankfully such morsels of bread as they might feel disposed to offer. The sparrows took a fancy to Mr. Hill at Cairo; but, contrary to his wont, he was surly, and held out little encouragement to their friendly visits. For cats, however, we fancy, he has some liking—which the sparrows certainly have not—and he relates with considerable gusto his experience of a feline banquet which takes place daily in one of the squares of Cairo. Some pious Mussulman, who had been purred to sleep by a large-tailed angora, left by will a large sum of money to provide a daily meal for all the cats of Cairo that might be in want of it. The sequel Mr. Hill shall describe in his own dozy and feline phraseology:—

"A little after mid-day, every twenty-four hours, tribes of cats resort to this square, where they receive an allowance of meat on account of a fund arising from the will of a pious Mussulman, who, dying, left some property for this purpose, but how much I could not learn."

"Mahometans might often shame Christians by their tenderness and their care for the brute creation; but the dog and the cat seem to be their peculiar care. Enough has been already said of the former; but, on account of their attachment to the latter, there had been quite an uproar in my neighbourhood, arising from my shooting a cat, which descended nightly from the roof of the houses, and entered one of my rooms, and one occasion, besides breaking some earthen vessel, devoured what was intended for a part of my breakfast or dinner the next day."

"While we were conversing, the cats began to arrive, first slowly and singly, or by couples, then in parties of three and four, and soon after this by dozens. They seemed to come from all parts of the square, but the greater number from each of the two entrances. Dogs were not permitted to come upon the ground at this hour, but there were plenty of men, and the cats marched as if they knew very well that these were their friends. The greater part of them moved quite leisurely towards the part of the square where they were accustomed to receive their rations, the elder ones among them holding their heads as erect as if they had never known an enemy, while the younger were distinguishable by their greater impatience for the arrival of the commissioner that fed them. Their friend, however, arrived, and distributed a supply of meat, which the cats ate till they seemed quite satisfied, and as the good man left the square they looked about them and slowly retired, without seeming to desire to receive more."

On no point do the Westerns and Easterns differ so much as on the subject of women. Mr. Hill, who informs us that he is a bachelor, and may therefore fairly be presumed to understand very little about the opposite sex, has yet a strong tendency to inquire into their position among Mohammedans. From some remarks, however, which he makes farther on in the volume, we may regard it as certain that he never saw the unveiled face of a lady in Egypt; for, while speaking of some Maronite women, he talks of the tawny skins of the Egyptians. Now, the complexion of Egyptian ladies is quite as fair as that of Italian or Spanish women—perhaps fairer—and their long silky lashes, dark almond-shaped eyes, small ruddy mouths, and rounded chins, usually dimpled, with the profusion of black hair which always constitutes one of their attractions, render them, in our opinion, far superior to the women of Syria, with their aquiline noses and heavy lips. The Egyptian women have straight noses, while their skins are soft and silky like those of the Persians and Hindus, whereas the keen air of Syria often roughens the skin. The cardinal circumstance in the lives of these women is, that in them the age of the passions precedes that of reason, so that to their families they are during their first youth objects of the deepest solicitude. This accounts for and justifies early marriages, which, like most other customs supposed by superficial observers to be objectionable, are founded in nature, and therefore not to be avoided. With respect to their condition, it bears in Egypt, as elsewhere, an exact relation to that of men: where men are free, women are free; where husbands are enslaved, so are wives. In the desert, women enjoy complete liberty, which they never abuse. As a rule, even the female fellahs are pretty when young, with their tiny hands and feet, taper limbs and delicately-formed bodies. Wanting other ornaments, they have recourse to those of the tattoo, exhibiting verses of the Koran on their chins, stars or roses on their bosoms, and bracelets about their wrists. The Bedouin girls may perhaps be

* Travels in Egypt and Syria. By S. S. Hill, F.R.G.S., Author of "Travels in Siberia," &c. London: Longmans & Co.

looked upon as the best modern representatives of those of Sparta, except that they are far more virtuous. Nothing can be nobler than their walk, prouder than their air, or more fearless than their whole bearing. Mr. Hill assures us that he saw some of them veiled, which must surely be a recent innovation, since the daughters of the desert have from time immemorial been accustomed to pride themselves on the absence of all safeguards to their modesty, save their modesty itself. Our traveller finds the Christian ladies of Lebanon more to his taste than the Muslim women, though few, we fancy, will be found to endorse his opinion. However, this is what he says:—

“To a European arriving from Egypt, where the sight of even the tawny features of the women of that clime is a privilege he is rarely permitted to enjoy, the unveiled Christian women of Syria cannot be less than in a high degree attractive. The complexion of the fair sex generally is a near approach to that of the women of Italy, but those who dwell in these mountains have generally quite the fair skin of our island, with a clearness and transparency such as I have never heard described, and never found existing elsewhere. Their eyes are, for the greater part, hazel-coloured of the darkest hue, with very beautiful, arched, narrow eyebrows, and long eyelashes. They have small mouths and lips, and if there be anything to which a European might object in the general cast of the features of the fair Syrian face, it is a slight tendency to the Roman form of the prominent feature, which would give a masculine outline, if it were not for the delicacy of the rest of the features. They plat their hair, which often covers the back as low as the waist, and is sometimes so spangled with the gold coins of the country as to wear the appearance of male armour rather than feminine ornament. In-doors, they are graceful and quick, and walk well; but when they appear abroad they are almost wholly enveloped in a shawl, which passes over a high horn upon the head, and, held by both hands, conceals all but a portion of the face; upon their feet are red slippers, without heels, and worn over yellow boots, which cause an awkward motion of the body, from the necessity of shuffling as they move to keep on the slippers, and destroy a great portion of the grace by which nature has favoured them.”

Farther north, among the Ansairi, Mr. Hill would have found much prettier women, and might have been tempted by offers still more alluring than that which he assures us he resisted at a very critical point of his journey. The good Orientals greatly pitied him for his celibacy, and more than once took active steps towards delivering him from so hateful and unintelligible a condition of life. Here is one of his narrow escapes, when he might have secured to himself a very pretty partner for life at the small charge of twenty-five shillings:—

“The first incident that awakened our sensibility to what was now around us, was the meeting and parting, which we had the opportunity of witnessing, of one of our muleteers with his partner in the weak Mussulman bonds of conjugal alliance. In the valley into which we had descended there were some patches of corn, which five or six women were employed in reaping. Labour, as usual, stood still as we approached, and the whole party seemed at first to be contemplating the cavalcade with ordinary curiosity; but presently a veiled youthful damsel sprang sylph-like over the rocky ground which intervened, and came to greet one of our muleteers, who was her conjugal partner, and apparently of the age of about fifty years. The engagement of the muleteer with our party had been sudden, and the young wife did not yet know the sorrowful tidings of the long and tedious journey which he had undertaken to perform.”

Under pretence of asking a few questions, Mr. Hill confesses that he lingered to admire the fair young Arab as she stood

“Upon the rock above the road, veiled save her eyes, which were as sparkling as the rays of the sun from the dew upon the dark skin of the fruit, so often made a type of beauty in the eyes of the fair of our species; and a loose robe, which was her sole proper garment, left a part of her bosom bare, on which the beauty of youth was stamped upon a golden Syrian skin; while the wind, supplying the want of a girdle, displayed a form that it seemed as if a fair island goddess might have envied.”

The upshot of this adventure was that the muleteer expressed himself very willing to shift from himself to Mr. Hill the burden of providing for and taking care of so pretty a wife, which, considering the life he was compelled to lead, he would probably have found somewhat difficult.

From the passages we have placed before our readers, they will probably be able to appreciate Mr. Hill's volume, which, without containing much that is new, will certainly be found quite as amusing—sometimes through the author's ingenuity, sometimes perhaps at his expense—as many a work of much greater pretensions. Its spirit, we repeat, is genial and kindly, which is more than can often be said for travellers who imagine they elevate themselves by speaking contemptuously of the people among whom they move.

SIR JASPER'S TENANT.*

It has been stated to us, on what may very well have been good authority, that the demand for “Sir Jasper's Tenant” at the circulating libraries has been altogether extraordinary—greater than in the case of any of Miss Braddon's previous novels. The fact may be accepted as good evidence of the great popularity of the authoress, but we are convinced that it is not to be accounted for on the

ground of any obvious superiority of her present work. In several respects, “Sir Jasper's Tenant” falls short both of the “Doctor's Wife” and “Only a Clod” in constructive skill as regards plot, and more especially with regard to the painting of character. There is no English novelist who can more clearly present to the reader the outer aspect of a character, with so much of the inner nature as she herself sees; the pity is that she does not give herself time to see deeper and more thoroughly. One consequence of her pernicious haste is recognisable in her present work. Sir Jasper—after the heroine, the most important personage in her *dramatis personæ*—is presented merely in profile; and some half-dozen of her minor characters are developed upon the same principle that would have guided her had she been writing a farce for the Haymarket, instead of a high-class work of fiction. In the drawing of all these minor characters there is evident effort; the eccentricity of the would-be funny brewer's clerk, for example, is more forced and stagey than anything we remember in any of Miss Braddon's novels since “Lady Audley's Secret.” It is the same with regard to Dorothy, the rustic protégée of Sir Jasper's daughter. The primary fault of “Sir Jasper's Tenant” as a novel is, however, that it has been designed without proportions. On an almost trivial foundation, an enormous superstructure has been built, attesting the very remarkable building powers of the architect, but failing to increase her reputation as an artist. Viewed as a whole, the finished work is suggestive of a fatal facility of production on the part of the author, and leaves on the mind of the critic the shadow of a regret. He misses the bright and almost naïve straightforwardness of Miss Braddon's earlier style. In the books that won for her great and well-deserved popularity, the author never interposed between her reader and the absorbing interest she had created, to seize on his attention: to develop her plots and set her characters in the most effective positions was the end for which she was contented to labour—and for which she laboured with a success almost without parallel. In “Sir Jasper's Tenant,” in place of plot and character, she gives her reader a great deal of the author—not, as we think, an equivalent. We do not mean to say that her observations on life, and the thousand and one things of which its every-day experiences are made up, are not worth reading; she is not likely to write anything of which that may be fairly said; but she possesses power of an extraordinary kind, and therefore far more to be valued than the not extraordinary faculty of writing volumes of agreeable nothing for the circulating libraries, and it is the exercise of this rare power which we should be sorry to see her neglect or undervalue.

The plot of “Sir Jasper's Tenant” is the thinnest and least striking of any she has yet constructed, and would have been absolutely feeble in the hands of any writer of less dramatic power than herself. The ground covered by the action is narrow. In the park, surrounding the mansion of Sir Jasper Denison, there is an old cottage, and of this possession is taken by a “tenant,” who has just returned from the wilds of Africa, whither he had expatriated himself many years before, after discovering that he had mated himself with a vicious woman. Why he should have left the country at all, in preference to the more obviously judicious plan of getting a divorce, is explained on humanitarian and somewhat super-sentimental grounds. Why he should have felt himself called upon to fly from civilized society because his wife had turned out to be disreputable, is not satisfactorily shown. The African wanderer, in fact, acts as if the shame were his, instead of the abandoned woman's to whom he had unluckily given his name. At the cottage he leads a semi-lonely life for a time, until he is persuaded to allow himself to be introduced to Sir Jasper and his daughter Marcia. Sir Jasper, who is a Sybarite and a Voltairean—leading a life of almost complete isolation, his daughter for his sole companion, and having little feeling for her—takes a great fancy to his “tenant.” The practised novel-reader, at this stage of the story, sees at a glance that Marcia Denison and George Pierrepont, her father's new friend, are predestined in the author's mind to fall in love with each other. On the side of the young lady, the love is full and complete, though unspoken; on the side of the “tenant,” it is equally emphatic. But there is the barrier of the wicked wife; and he sees nothing to be done but to hurry back to the wilds of Africa, out of the way of danger. Before this resolution is carried into effect, a lady visitor arrives at Sir Jasper's mansion—a certain “florid widow,” named Mrs. Harding, whom Sir Jasper has met somewhere abroad, and who has availed herself of a sort of half invitation given her to visit him. In Mrs. Harding, George Pierrepont believes he has found his disreputable wife, and warns Sir Jasper that his guest is not fit for the society of his daughter. But the “florid widow” so plays her cards as to throw discredit upon the “tenant's” incomplete revelation; and in the end nearly succeeds in entrapping Sir Jasper into making her an offer of marriage. With the character of this woman Miss Braddon has taken evident pains; the cunning, the far-seeing wickedness, the philosophy, of the infamous adventuress, are all in the style of Lady Audley, and little inferior in effectiveness. “Mrs. Harding was a very handsome woman of the florid order; but she was of an age which the tongue of detraction alluded to vaguely as the wrong side of forty; while even friendship unwillingly confessed that her eight-and-thirtieth birthday was a stage on the highway of life which lay behind the gorgeous widow. How much of that massive coil of raven tresses which adorned the back of her well-shaped head was an integral part of the head it decorated,—how much of that delicate bloom upon her plump oval cheek owed its rosy freshness to the pencil of Nature,—how far the fruity crimson of the pouting lips took its colour from the warm life-blood beneath the dewy

* Sir Jasper's Tenant. By Miss Braddon. Three vols. London: Maxwell & Co.

surface, were so many mysteries which Mrs. Harding, in her most gushing moments, had contrived to keep safely locked in her own breast." Sir Jasper's observations on this side of his guest's character give some insight into his own. "What do I care how the woman obtains her beauty, provided she is beautiful. Shall I bother myself, when I look at one of my Etty's nymphs, about the colours the artist has employed in creating her? What do I care how much vermilion, or what artful glaze of *jaune de Mars*, has been necessary to warm those glowing limbs into life and loveliness?—or whether the loose rain of rippling hair that veils my goddess owes its golden glory to yellow ochre, or to Naples yellow? What do I want to know, except that she is there, and it is my business to admire her? My daughter, who kisses me when she bids me good night, must have no paint upon her lips, for she is a part of myself, and I should hold myself dishonoured by any falsehood of hers. But let my lovely visitor resort to what arts she pleases in the manufacture of her loveliness. I applaud her ingenuity, and I thank her for taking so much trouble in order to present a beautiful object for my contemplation." Mrs. Harding brings into play all her resources with the view of capturing Sir Jasper for a husband—without fear of the pains and penalties attaching to the crime of bigamy. She is, in fact, the twin sister of George Pierrepont's wife, who is dead, and whom she is personating for the sake of the handsome allowance made by the too sentimental husband. Before her victory over Sir Jasper is quite achieved, however, a new character appears upon the scene—a scoundrel who has power over her, and uses it to drain her of her ready cash. About the same time, a needy brother of hers, a lieutenant of marines, turns up. By contriving skilfully, she sets this brother on to murder the more inconvenient importunate. But by this man, on his death-bed, the mystery of the two sisters is explained to George Pierrepont, who learns that he is free to marry Marcia Denison; and so the story ends happily for the good characters, and quite otherwise for the bad ones.

As a specimen of Miss Braddon's striking faculty of drawing a portrait with a few decisive touches, we transcribe the following passage before closing the book, which, with all its faults, would suffice to make the reputation of a less ingenious novelist. The portrait is that of the curate of Scarsdale, a weak but worthy creature, adoringly but silently in love with Marcia, his patron's daughter:—

"Mr. Winstanley Silbrook allowed concealment to feed upon his damask cheek, and only regretted that the agonies of his hidden passion did not consume the peachy and unromantic bloom of his beardless visage. He would like to have carried his sufferings on his brow, inscribed in unmistakable characters, which Marcia must have read every time she saw him, and which might in the end have inspired the placid love that grows out of pity—a sentiment which is the weakest skim-milk when compared with the fire-water of a genuine unreasoning affection. There is no social law which forbids a man to carry what characters he pleases on his brow, and the delicacy which prevented Mr. Silbrook revealing his passion in any form of words could not have hindered him from avowing it in every gesture of his face. But unluckily he was not gifted with what is generally called a speaking face. He might have carried the secrets of an empire under that mild and meaningless mask, more inscrutable than the marble brow of a Napoleon, looking massively above unfathomable eyes. His heart had been slowly breaking for the last three months, and there were no outward tokens of the ruin within, unless, indeed, occasional pimples—with an obstinate tendency to gather on a forehead which, but for the pimples, might have been Shakespearian, and apt to muster stealthily in the dead of the night, like a rising of Chartists on Kennington Common—might be taken as evidence of the inward struggle for ever going on behind that brow."

THE WORKING CLASSES OF AMERICA.*

THE late Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," published some thirty years since, and Mr. Dickens's "American Notes," have given us more insight into, and acquaintance with, the daily customs and habits of the natives of the United States, than perhaps any books about America and her people that had appeared previous to the publication of those celebrated works. These, however, are mainly descriptive of life and manners in the middle classes of society—the lower orders, including the artisans and other working men, being comparatively little noticed, and that only from a very partial and superficial point of view. The writer of the work now under notice, who is himself one of the working classes, endeavours to give a picture of the every-day modes of life and character of the industrial portion of the American population, together with "the circumstances which influence their conduct, and the relation their condition bears to the same classes in Europe." He thinks that his book may prove not unacceptable to Europeans who have never travelled across the Atlantic. The work, although the writer tries to take as fair and disinterested a view as possible of the Americans in general, is unmistakably a little tinctured with national prejudices and Old World prepossessions; but our author is evidently aware of this drawback, and excuses himself at the commencement of the volume, on the plea that to describe "society in America with anything like impartiality," when it is of so diversified a character, and composed of such incoherent and heterogeneous materials, is

an extremely difficult task. The book certainly affords us many curious and amusing particulars respecting the habits and usages of the American working classes, as well as those of the higher orders of society, although it chiefly addresses itself to the former branch of the community. It likewise contains some details of the late civil war, and the numerous atrocities perpetrated by the soldiers of both armies while it lasted. The style in which the work is composed, although it is for the most part clear, lucid, and correct, would occasionally be improved by revision from a more experienced hand; but, after all, it is chiefly for facts that one reads a volume like the present.

Speaking of the personal appearance of the Americans, the writer observes that a stranger, on first arriving in America, is forcibly struck by the sallow complexions and almost skeleton forms of the male part of the population. One might suppose that they had just recovered from an attack of typhus fever. Young men look like boys, while those "whose faces have been corrugated by time wear the jaunty air of youth." This is to be in part attributed to the variety of weather, and the rapid and constantly changing temperature in the United States. The winters differ widely from those in England. Our author informs us that it is not uncommon for the people in America to pass through every description of climate, from the torrid to the frigid zone, in twenty-four hours, "so that a day in January may be characterized by all the blandness of an English May, and the day following may send the mercury in the thermometer 20° below zero." Yet, notwithstanding these sudden and violent alternations, the inhabitants of the United States, both native and foreign, are less liable to catch cold than are we of the Old Country. The American women appear to the eyes of the present writer to be for the most part unsightly objects. They lose their hair and teeth at a very early age, their beauty is subject to premature decay, and many of them have chests as flat as if they were made of deal planks. Most people seem to think that a perpetual intermingling with the blood of strong and healthy Europeans is vitally necessary to preserve the American people from utterly degenerating. If America were left to sustain her own population entirely unaided by emigrants, it is the common opinion that in less than a century the race would be annihilated. The rich character of the food, and the generally unhealthy mode of living among the Americans, would appear to have contributed to bring about this state of things as much as the fickle climate of the country.

The principle of national and personal independence is felt so strongly in America that it pervades all classes of society, from the wealthiest land and slave-owner to the lowest menial. Friendship, and that human sympathy or brotherhood between various members of the community which is so common in the Old Country, and which gives so peculiar a charm to our life and habits, is but little known to the inhabitants of the United States. Our author, during the three years he resided in the republic, never associated with anybody out of his own family, his shopmates in business hours excepted. He conversed with several emigrants who had been in America for many years, but who had never made any friends or acquaintances amongst the natives since they first landed. An overbearing pride and self-conceit is the prominent trait in the American character, and the Old World motto of "Liberty, equality, and fraternity" is almost the one absorbing and all-engrossing idea of our Transatlantic brethren. Indeed, to such an extent are these principles acted on by the masses generally, that the feeling becomes apparent in all their actions and manners, even to their very words, so that it often becomes positively offensive. Our author mentions many facts in illustration of the truth of this assertion—facts which were already well known in the mother country. The working classes of America are proud of sharing so largely in the government of the country. Aboard the steamboats and in the railway carriages or cars, there is an entire absence of all distinctions of rank or class, as "the educated gentleman and civilized savage enjoy in common the same privileges, occupy the same saloon, and pace the deck together when it suits their taste or convenience." The President himself is not considered by the populace as being at all exempt from these rules of social equality, the lowest ruffian treating him with as much familiarity as if he occupied an equally exalted position with the chief magistrate; and the latter is forced to acknowledge the friendly salute of the humblest citizens as much as that of the highest.

These principles of equality and fraternity manifest themselves quite as strongly and offensively among the American women as among the men. Every married woman exhibits a determination to have her own will and way quite irrespective of her spouse, and expresses a resolve that she will herself hold complete mastery over her husband—at least, that she will not suffer herself to be mastered, or, to quote their own slang, "bossed," by him. Many wives, acting on these rules of social equality, are heard to say to each other that "they would like to see a man who'd boss them." The husband, therefore, does all the household and drudgery work, prepares his morning meal, and always goes to market. The consequence of this is that the matrimonial tie is comparatively loose, and the course of existence between man and wife in America very rarely runs on smoothly. It must be borne in mind, however, that these American notions of personal freedom and independence are, in a great measure, an amplification and enlargement of the same principles originally fostered in the mother country, and, indeed, our author frequently remarks in the course of his work that the emigrant population of America are generally far more American than the natives themselves. There is often a great want of filial affection and respect among the children of some of

* Three Years among the Working Classes in the United States during the War. By the Author of "The Autobiography of a Beggar-Boy." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

the humbler classes who have emigrated to America from the Old World, particularly if the former happen to have made a little money, and thus acquired something of a position. Success is sure to make them assume ridiculous airs of gentility, and they become absurd upstarts, despising and treating with contempt the homely and rustic manners of their parents, whom they seem to consider a disgrace to themselves. This is more especially observable with the sons and daughters of the Irish emigrants, who, together with the Germans, certainly form by far the largest portion of the exotic population of the United States. "I have reason to believe," says the present writer, "that the real American women make by far the best wives and mothers." Electioneering corruption and political scheming are rife in the United States, and many of the magistrates and judges—men who ought to be guardians of the public peace—are elected into office entirely through the influence of the very worst species of American "rowdies," namely, that morally-degraded and lawless set of men termed "loafers."

On the subject of public opinion in America, our author remarks:—

"The advent of a sound, healthy public opinion is to be devoutly wished, but I am afraid that so long as the newspaper press continues to be conducted by scheming politicians, mercenary adventurers, and party scrubs, there is little chance of a reform in this quarter. The pulpit, too, from which divine charity should be inculcated, and feelings of universal brotherhood pressed upon men's minds, is not unfrequently desecrated by its occupants, keeping alive the smouldering embers of both national and religious prejudice. If the devil has not been busy among no inconsiderable portion of the clergy in America of late, his black majesty is certainly not entitled to half the credit which heretofore has been awarded him. These gentlemen from their Gospel rostrums have hounded on the people to commit acts of wholesale murder, rapine, and devastation, while they themselves lolled at home in security."

While affecting to despise John Bull and his aristocratic distinctions, "there is nothing between pandemonium and heaven," says the present writer, "which the American people will run after with more evident delight than a real living lord." Very singular notions of Old World institutions are entertained by some members of the community in America. They believe, for instance, that there is no actual political or religious freedom in England, and that the nobility are no better than tyrants, who grind down the poor people as they please, treating them like serfs, the Queen herself being a great drone "who devours a large portion of the produce of the people's industry."

Our author gives a very glowing description of the American excursion steamboats and railway travelling carriages, the former of which are so abundantly stocked with all the comforts and luxuries of civilized life as to be a species of floating hotels, while the latter are provided with lavatories, sleeping couches, smoking-saloons, and other conveniences. A passenger may also travel by rail in the United States without the least fear of personal violence or any of those infamous assaults which are so often made upon female railway travellers in this country. But, however much our Transatlantic cousins may surpass us in this respect, our hotels and their system of management are far superior to theirs in every respect. Our railway stations, too, are more plentifully supplied with cabs and other public conveyances than in America, and the personal property of passengers is more respectfully and carefully handled by the porters here than there, where it is laid hold of in the most reckless manner, no matter how valuable, and very soon spoiled and rendered useless, if not actually destroyed.

Soldiers in America are much more thought of, and therefore a great deal better fed and paid, than in any country of the Old World. Their hospitals are clean and commodious, and, in addition to every bodily comfort that careful nursing can secure, they are supplied with books and newspapers in abundance. Our author believes that, during the time war was raging, the gross mis-statements of the newspapers, owing to the corrupt state of the American press, were productive of many great evils. He writes:—

"From the commencement of the unholy struggle between the North and South, I am satisfied that the newspaper press was the cause of much and serious mischief. Facts have been distorted, actions and opinions misrepresented, men in power maligned, and, to make the foe contemptible, he has been characterized as a ferocious and relentless savage. The minds of the people have been kept in a continual state of unhealthy excitement. At one time a general is in league with the enemy, another is reckless in the waste of human life; one class of editors laud the administration for its wisdom, energy, and general statesmanlike qualifications; another set of newspaper Solons accuse the members of Mr. Lincoln's staff as being a set of selfish, designing knaves, each of whom is looking after his own little plans of ambition or self-aggrandizement. The army correspondents belonging to some of the newspapers regularly supply their employers with *stuffing* obtained from stragglers at the tail of the army. As may be supposed, much of this sort of information is coloured to suit the purpose of the informants. There is a most extraordinary pliability about the press. Lee and his army were again and again annihilated before the actual success of the Northern arms; Fort Sumter was taken at least a dozen times; Vicksburg fell five times, and the 'Stars and Stripes' flaunted proudly on the ramparts of the Southern capital upon two occasions before the fact actually occurred. Stonewall Jackson had the honour of being killed at least half a dozen times; and poor Davis was dead and damned more than once for the edification of the peace-loving public."

Upon the whole, although the writer entertains so little personal regard for the American people at large, he speaks very

favourably of the condition of the working classes in that country. The artisan has a far better chance of becoming prosperous in America than in England, if, on emigrating, he will only make up his mind to begin life and the world anew, although he will just at first have troubles and difficulties to fight against quite as great as those in the Old Country. Persons clothed in rags and steeped in abject poverty are never seen in America, if they even exist; and no pawnbrokers' shops are to be found in any of the large towns. There are many vast fields of unexplored riches on the new continent, inviting adventurous speculators abroad, who, if they had remained at home, would never have had such an opportunity of bettering their social condition. By these means, men who have emigrated at a time of life past the middle age, have become masters of trades, while others have accumulated large and princely fortunes.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.*

We have read this book with a certain amount of interest, but not of the kind that one usually expects or would wish to derive from the perusal of a literary composition. On the contrary, the interest excited has been one of ever-increasing astonishment at the peculiar idiosyncrasy which could alone have induced its author to present to the world at large a performance of a character so extraordinary and bizarre. Impressed with an overwhelming sense of the value and importance of every fugitive idea or stray notion that flits across his mind, our author, instead of following up the subject by prosecuting inquiries and instituting experiments, or submitting the question to some one of the learned societies with which the metropolis abounds, has bundled these scientific waifs in the rough into a wallet, and submitted them to the public.

The title of the first paper in the present volume is "Why does the Magnetic Needle point towards the Pole?" At the outset, the author informs us that in one of the essays in the second volume of his "Miscellaneous Papers on Scientific Subjects," published in 1858, he assumed that the cause of the magnetic needle pointing towards the Pole was that its position was controlled by the current of the electricity of nature flowing in the same direction, the needle being forced to continue in a line parallel with that of the current like a weathercock acted on by the wind. Now, the merest tyro in magnetism knows that just the contrary takes place, and that the needle assumes a position *transverse* to the current. Our author, having at length discovered this terrible blunder, naively remarks:—"It is strange that so palpable an error has never been pointed out, and that it has occurred to myself to discover it, and at the same time to be enabled, I trust, to furnish a satisfactory explanation of this most interesting phenomena." It occurs to us, though we cannot venture to hope the suggestion will prove satisfactory, that the explanation of what seems so strange is that many would deem criticism thrown away on one who assumed the office of public instructor upon no better qualification for the task than a more than average ignorance of the A B C of the subject he undertook to explain. As to the new explanation with which we are favoured of the phenomenon that actually takes place—viz., the assumption by the needle of a position transverse to the current—our readers will not be surprised to learn that it is in the highest degree futile and childish. The reasoning employed, however, is in its way quite a curiosity. "The two opposite ends of the balanced needle," says our author, "will be alternately exposed to an equal force constantly acting upon them; and, as each arm is placed diametrically opposite to the other, they can only, *de necessitate*, be at rest when they have taken a position precisely at right angles to the direction of the current acting upon them. . . . I have compared the action of the magnetic needle to that of the weathercock in respect to the wind—an opinion appearing at variance with the present argument—so it becomes necessary to explain away the apparent anomaly. This is easily done," &c.; and our author proceeds to explain that the cause of a weathercock pointing in the direction of the wind is that the anterior portion is lighter, and presents less surface than the posterior, and that, were the anterior and posterior surfaces equal, the weathercock would take up a position at right angles to the current of wind, as the magnetic needle assumes a position at right angles to the line of the magnetic current of nature. Now, leaving out of view the absurdity of attributing any such material mode of action to an imponderable agent like magnetism, every one conversant with the notorious fact that the deflection of the needle is subjected to most precise and definite laws—the character of its motions being determined by the relative position of its poles with regard to the direction of the magnetic current, and its own position with reference to the current, whether placed *above* or *below*—can see that the weathercock-comparison altogether falls through; and it certainly appears to us that to publish such puerilities in the name of science, is a reprehensible trifling with the time, the patience, and the pockets of the public.

The quasi-scientific papers are, however, by no means the strangest parts of this strange production. At least half the book is occupied with purely personal details of no conceivable interest to the public, and generally of the most frivolous character. Thus, there are four tedious letters to the Earl of Derby on the subject of a memorial to the Prince Consort, with a short note from his

* Miscellaneous Papers on Scientific Subjects. By T. Seymour Burt, Esq., F.R.S. Vol. III. Part II. London: T. Wilson.

lordship acknowledging the receipt of the first; also two letters to the editor of the *Times* on the same subject. On referring to a paper headed, in the table of contents, "On the Income Tax," we found it to be merely a copy of a short note to Mr. Gladstone, sent with a pamphlet received from a friend abroad; and on unfolding what, at the first glance, we took for a map, we discovered—what does the reader suppose?—a list of military stores as per Indent, dated January 1st, 1846. In Paper 40, the author puts us in possession of the important fact that he visited Birmingham in 1836, and observes—"I may as well record the names of the then existing factories I personally inspected;" and accordingly we are treated with a long "List of Manufactories at Birmingham visited on Saturday, July 30th, 1836, and following days," *apropos* of nothing but the noteworthy circumstance that they were inspected by T. Seymour Burt, Esq., F.R.S., in person. To any one engaged in collecting "curiosities of egotism" we can safely recommend this volume, dedicated to the President of the Royal Society, as a specimen perfectly unique of its kind.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.*

WE do not know whether we shall be breaking any Scotch rules of etiquette by alluding to the author of these "Sketches of General History" as Mr. Douglas. A gentleman who was privileged to describe himself as "Douglas of Cavers" may have been too great a man to be distinguished by so humble and common a handle to his name. "The O'Donoghue" would feel himself insulted by being addressed as "Mr.;" and so, perhaps, we ought to say "The Douglas." But, as we are not certain on the point, we shall adopt the more customary form, and, if we are wrong, must throw ourselves on the merciful consideration of our Scottish friends, and trust to the forgiveness which is generally accorded to well-meaning ignorance. The question is the less important seeing that we are not, on the present occasion, concerned in the style and title of the late Mr. Douglas, but only in the literary qualities he exhibited in the work now given to the public. These essays, it appears, were first conceived in connection with "an Outline of the Spirit of Prophecy." The writer designed to show, by an elaborate treatise, that History and Prophecy were at first united,—that they were separated after the time of Abraham,—that even now they "in all cases reflect much light upon each other,"—and that in the end they will be reunited with the spread of Christianity over the whole earth. It would appear that this intention was never fully carried out, but the discourses on History now first published are wrecks of the larger plan. Mr. Douglas, his editors assure us, was always dissatisfied with these essays. Some were delivered as lectures in a country village, but their author never regarded them as sufficiently good for publication, and consequently did not revise them for the press himself. A few verbal alterations have been made, and the work, as it now appears, is certainly worthy of seeing the light, however it may fall short of the design out of which it arose. Every here and there, allusions are to be found to the connection of Prophecy with History, and to the assumed intentions of Providence in directing the course of the human race through certain channels and in particular directions. But these references are very slight, and the book may be read without paying any regard to them. The ground in question is, indeed, dangerous ground, and any value which Mr. Douglas's essays may possess we should be inclined to attribute rather to his lucid summary of the leading events of the world than to his religious theories or philosophical generalizations. As an introduction to the study of history, these discourses may be read with advantage. They present a very intelligent and comprehensive view of the chief facts connected with the Patriarchal Age, the Early Monarchies, the Early Republics, the Roman Republic, the Roman Empire, the Barbarians, the Saracens, the Turks, the Gothic Kingdoms of the West, the Democracy of the Middle Ages, and the modern changes in the Governments of Europe. Having been written more than thirty years ago, they are in some respects behind the knowledge of the present day; and their editors are probably right when they say that "the increased information now available" might have led the author "to modify a few statements, and to fill up several deficiencies of detail." But in the main the facts of history are now what they were in the years 1832-3, when the essays were composed, and even unlearned readers will not run much risk of being led astray in essentials by the guidance of Mr. Douglas. His views, it must be admitted, are not very striking or original; his erudition was probably not profound; and his style, though easy and clear, is wanting in force and vivacity. But he had apparently the art of compressing a large amount of reading into a manageable compass; of seizing on the salient points of great epochs of time, and of so presenting them as to give the reader a fair idea of their meaning and tendency. This is a very useful power. The more the body of history increases in bulk, the more difficult does it become for men busy with other affairs to study it in detail; and the greater, consequently, is the need of writers like the late Mr. Douglas, who have the industry and the ability to select the essentials from the non-essentials, and to concentrate the attention of the reader on the central events and shaping influences of the world. A work such as the present—consisting of no more than 312 pages of large type—will be read by many to whom more elaborate histories are necessarily sealed books.

* *Sketches of General History.* By the late James Douglas of Cavers. London: Nisbet & Co.

The essays are of very unequal lengths, and some of the subjects are too briefly disposed of. The lecture on "The Empire of Rome"—a term which covers perhaps the most important period of universal history, since it includes the rise and progress of Christianity, the formation of the modern European kingdoms and peoples, and the transition of Europe from its ancient to its feudal state—is comprised in one-and-twenty pages; and even if we add to this the following article on "The Barbarians," as part of the same subject, we shall still only get thirty pages as the record of five or six centuries crowded with events of the most vital character to the Western world. The later essays are indeed all of them too meagre. One of the most satisfactory chapters in the book is that which is devoted to "The Early Republics," wherein we have an excellent summary of the origin and growth of the Grecian States, from their commencement in the semi-fabulous ages to their culmination and decline after the meteoric, but deceptive, career of Alexander the Great. This occupies a little more than eighty pages, and is extremely well done. The writer's remarks on the political system of Lycurgus, and the general character of the Spartans, are, we think, most just:—

"The time of the freemen of Sparta was completely devoted to the preparation for war. They were a nation of soldiers, who united to the profession of arms a considerable tincture of practical philosophy, and resembled a colony of military cynics. Their republic formed the ground-work for most of the dreams in which philosophers indulged respecting an ideal commonwealth. Yet, after all, the design of Lycurgus was but a narrow one. All his institutions went but to form an army, and that army only fitted for defensive warfare. But with all these preparations for defence, he left the Spartans little that was worth defending. In his anxiety to form soldiers, he forgot to provide them with generals. The Spartans have no victory to boast of like that of Marathon, yet the attention of the Athenians was only occasionally directed to war. The Athenian soldiers were far inferior in skill and training to the Spartan militia; but their minds were as exercised and alert as the bodies of the Spartans; and with a mind for a weapon, they often proved more than a match for the celebrated bands of Lacedæmon, in the only art which Sparta studied, the art of war.

"The institution of Lycurgus was an experiment, in the highest degree successful, of how far human nature can be moulded to the will of a law-giver. In this consists the principal merit. The Spartans were exactly what Lycurgus willed them to be. But the aim of Lycurgus was contrary to nature. The design of nature is progression, and not permanence. The design of Lycurgus was permanence without progression. This, apart from all other causes of decay, involved even in its success the cause of its destruction. While all other things are in progress, whatever is stationary is doomed to decay; it must sink into relative if not absolute weakness. As empire extends in a wider circle, the degree of power which was sufficient for supremacy in one age is not equal to maintain independence in another. It would have been mortifying to the Spartan legislator to know that, in the woods of the vast island beyond the ocean, to which the Greeks gave the name of Atlantis, there were savage men, without law or law-giver, who surpassed in hardihood of body and endurance of pain those Spartans whom he was training with so much toil from the cradle to the grave; and who, in the depth of the American wilderness, outdid whatever he had planned, with nature and necessity for their Lycurgus."

There is a good deal of truth also in Mr. Douglas's enumeration of the strong points of the Greek Empire established by Constantine on the shores of the Bosphorus:—

"The Grecian Empire in its duration presented a striking contrast to the successive empires of the Barbarians; it survived a succession of new states. Like all that was connected with the Romans, it had much of the character of perpetuity: it witnessed not only the rise, but the decline and fall of the Parthian Empire; it bore the brunt of Persian victory, and the ardour of a new race of conquerors. Under Justinian, it wrested back from the Barbarians, already corrupted, much of what they had conquered in the West. In its decline, it withstood the meridian of the Persian Empire under Nushirwan, though composed not only of Persia, but of Tartary and of India. And though, under Heraclius, Constantinople beheld itself surrounded by the Avars on the European, and the Persians on the Asiatic side, yet it escaped from this pressing danger to behold the overthrow of the Persians, and the rise, decline, and fall of the Caliphs. And even in extreme old age it witnessed the termination of the Seljookian dynasty; and was only overcome by the recent and unexpected rise of the Othman power, composed of the ruins of the former Turkish states—thus, amid all the changes and interruptions of this world's affairs, forming an unbroken line of continuity from the rise of the Classic Republics to the termination of the Dark Ages."

These extracts will give the reader a very fair idea of the author's style. The volume is conscientiously written, and, in the directions we have indicated, it will be found both useful and entertaining.

AN IRISHWOMAN'S DEFENCE OF THE IRISH.*

IN this thoughtful little essay by "an Irishwoman," a very careful, and, upon the whole, we should say a very fair and accurate, estimate is formed of the Irish character, as it is exhibited both in Ireland and England. The authoress justly remarks that the conventional Irishman of the novelist and the playwright has misled Englishmen very seriously as to the tendencies and habits of the Milesian race; and the brief visits to the neighbouring

* *The Irishman.* By an Irishwoman. London: S. O. Boston.

island which are paid in the summer and autumn by many well-to-do English families, have but little effect in correcting the fantastic impression produced by the fictitious portraiture. The "Irishwoman" denies the prevalent belief that her countrymen are always on the look-out for fun and amusement. They take less amusement than almost any people, though their ready perception of the ludicrous, and their fondness for gossiping over work, encourage, among superficial observers, a contrary impression. We have no doubt that this is the fact; but the writer is certainly wrong in saying that when an Englishman is at work "any attempt to lighten labour by pleasantry, a spontaneous joke, or a laugh at some ludicrous awkwardness or misadventure," would be almost resented as an impertinence. A sense of humour is common to all three divisions of the British race, and certainly is not less prevalent in England than in Ireland; we should even say there is a more general cheerfulness among ourselves than in either Ireland or Scotland. It is not to be denied, however, that the "Irishwoman" is right when she states that sensuality is much more observable in the English than the Irish character. The Hibernian—sometimes, indeed, from necessity, but often from sheer indifference—is content with a remarkably small amount of food, and that of the humblest kind; and, although he is prone to get drunk, it is generally for the sociality the indulgence is supposed to encourage, and not from a mere love of boozing. That there is less unchastity among the Irish than among the English, is also a fact beyond doubt. So far from the Irishman being quarrelsome, he is, in the eyes of our authoress, the most good-natured fellow in the world on ordinary occasions, though liable to fits of savage exasperation if his religious or political ideas are interfered with or insulted. He is also, according to the same authority, the most easily-governed of men—which in a certain sense is true, or we should have had to encounter continual rebellions of the most formidable kind in Ireland, down to a very recent date; but we must add that he is not easy to govern with any satisfaction to himself or the governing power, because he expects too much from his rulers, and does too little for himself. Indeed, the present writer admits that the great faults of the Irish character are "a general want of self-dependence, a deficiency of the spirit of enterprise, and an absence of that self-respect which springs from, or at least is intimately connected with, self-dependence." The virtues of that character are, natural kindness, tenderness to the weak and unfortunate, piety, moral purity, honesty, and patience under affliction—the last-named quality sometimes, even in the opinion of our authoress, running into a fault, since it induces the poor to submit to evils which might be remedied.

We believe that, in the main, this view of the Irish character is just; but we think that the writer, in vindicating her countrymen from inconsiderate aspersions, has brought some charges against the English people to which they are not fairly liable. It is not true as a general proposition, though unfortunately too true in special instances, that "John Bull of the working-class, with the finest possible principle of honest independence, straining every nerve to keep his family well-clothed and fed, and to raise them in social position, *knocks down his wife and kicks his children if his supper be ten minutes late.*" Nor is it true, as a rule, that English working men and women will see their aged and helpless relatives go to the workhouse rather than give up their own little comforts and superfluities. It is a gratuitous and an uncharitable sneer to say that "here in London people little above the condition of paupers will pinch and spare—*perhaps steal*—to obtain a share in public recreations or entertainments, to take a day at the Crystal Palace, or 'go to the play';" and although it is certainly true that no well-dressed woman would like to venture among a crowd of London roughs, it should not be forgotten how large a proportion of those roughs is due to Irish immigration. It is notorious that the greatest trouble to the police is the Irish population of our large towns—Irish either by actual birth or immediate descent. We simply note these points for reconsideration by the authoress. With the general tendency of her little book we entirely agree, and trust that it will be widely read in England.

PAMPHLETS.

A BRIEF publication of two-and-thirty pages, with the title of *Scientia Scientiarum* (Hardwicke), explains the origin and objects of the Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain. The pamphlet is written by a member, and from this gentleman's statement, as well as from the authorized circulars of the Association, we learn that the great design of the Institute "is to defend the revealed truth of Holy Scripture against oppositions arising, not from real science, but from pseudo-science." That this work has not been duly performed by the existing scientific societies, the writer considers as proof sufficient that those societies have not thoroughly fulfilled their aims—have not effectually guarded scientific truth against the inroads of pseudo-science. The position assumed by the member of the Victoria Institute to whom we are indebted for this exposition of its objects, appears to be that men of science have of late years rashly and hastily adopted certain theories of the creation and early history of the earth in opposition to the account given in the Hebrew Scriptures, some of which theories have already been shown to be false, while of others the truth is still doubtful. Several instances of disagreement among physical philosophers are given, and the examination of all such disputed questions will be one of the main employments of the Society. Those of our readers who are interested in the issues here

involved should read the pamphlet to which we have been adverting.

Dr. Colenso has, "by request," published in a separate form, as a pamphlet, the *Preface and Concluding Remarks of Part V. of the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined* (Trübner & Co.). As, however, we shall consider the whole volume carefully on its own grounds, we need do nothing more on the present occasion than record the appearance of this partial reproduction.

In *Puseyism the School of the Infidels, or "Broad Church" the Offspring of "High Church," with a few Words to the Evangelicals* (Arthur Miall), we have an energetic tract by "A Layman of the Established Church" directed against the Romanizing tendencies of the followers of Dr. Pusey. The author very properly contends that the leading doctrines of the Tractarians are essentially the same as those of the Papists, and he argues that the latter, by depending so much on human tradition, have encouraged in men of intellect a sceptical tendency, which is showing itself in the open questioning of the Bible as a work of divine authority and inspiration. One very remarkable fact is mentioned by the writer, as coming within his personal knowledge; viz., that, within twelve months, or thereabouts, of the first publication of the "Essays and Reviews," the lay district visitors who go from house to house among the poor, "found the difficulty and hopelessness of their work increased beyond measure," and that the city missionaries "were met by numbers of the shrewd working men of London with—'Well, sir, you need not come to me any more: I never cared much about your fine Bible, but now lots of your clever men have told us it's a sham, so we don't mean to bother about it any more. The learned men must know better than we do, and now they've said it, and rightly proved it all, we don't mind.'" That the "Essays and Reviews" have had a great influence on certain sections of the educated classes is unquestionable; but we were not before aware that their effect had been felt so low down in the scale.

It would be superfluous in these columns to follow Mr. Edward W. Urquhart, M.A., Balliol College, through his observations on *The Late Oxford University Election* (Rivingtons). Four months have now elapsed since the defeat of Mr. Gladstone at the General Election in his renewed candidature for Oxford University; and, as the right honourable gentleman is nevertheless still a member of the House of Commons, and the representative of a great constituency, the contest of July has ceased to have any interest for the outer public, however significant at the time as marking a certain stage in the development of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's political career. Mr. Urquhart, whose preface is dated October 9th, says that "the beginning of the academical year seemed to him the most fitting time for the publication of his remarks." The subject is, doubtless, still a centre of interest and attraction on the banks of the Isis; but with the country at large it is now an affair of the past. In the pamphlet before us, it is treated from the anti-Gladstonian point of view.

On the other side of the question is the pamphlet entitled *The Political Problem of the Day: Mr. Gladstone the Man to Solve it* (Trübner & Co.)—a rather weakly-written defence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Do our National Schools provide Education for All whom they Ought to Train? is the title of an interesting letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Rev. Robert Gregory, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, and published as a pamphlet by the Messrs. Rivingtons. The question thus propounded is answered by the reverend author in the negative. He shows that the private schools for the humbler classes are for the most part very inefficient, and are often kept by persons utterly unqualified for the task of education—by men and women who have failed in other businesses, and who are frequently grossly ignorant—by "domestic servants out of place" (to quote the language of the recent report of the Education Commissioners)—"discharged barmaids, vendors of toys or lollipops, keepers of small eating-houses, of mangles, or of small lodging-houses, needlewomen who take in plain or slop-work, milliners, consumptive patients in an advanced stage, cripples almost bedridden, persons of at least doubtful character, out-door paupers, men and women of seventy and even eighty years of age, persons who spell badly, who can scarcely write, and who cannot cipher at all." And yet the working classes, as a rule, prefer to send their children to these private schools, because they regard the position as more independent than that which the children would have in a National School. Mr. Gregory thinks that this feeling may be in a great measure overcome, and he relates his own experiences in connection with the latter class of schools in that district of Lambeth to which he has been attached since 1853. His success appears to have been very encouraging; but for the details of his efforts and their results we must send the reader to the interesting tractate in which they are related.

Another letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury has been issued by the Messrs. Rivingtons. It is *On the Present Regulations for the Distribution and Management of the Funds of Queen Anne's Bounty*. The writer is Mr. Christopher Hodgson, and the letter is published by the authority of the Primate, as a means of instructing the clergy on the existing regulations for the distribution of the fund. This, and the "Letter to the Earl of Harrowby," entitled *Some Uses of a Cathedral Not Mentioned at the Church Congress of Norwich*, and published by the same firm, are too technical for us to analyze in these columns.

Mr. Gladstone has put forth in a separate form, stitched in a stiff wrapper, his address, delivered before the University of

Edinburgh, on *The Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order of the World* (Murray), on the unauthorized reports of which we founded an article in our last week's issue.

The Municipal Government of the Metropolis, by a Londoner (Hardwicke), is a protest against the complicated and inefficient system of local management from which we Cockneys suffer in many ways—in the defective paving, cleansing, and lighting of our streets, in the bad supply of water to our houses, in the shameful mal-administration of relief to the poor, and in the bungling execution of metropolitan improvements. The writer truthfully observes that there is probably not a city in the kingdom nor a capital in Europe in which matters are so ill-arranged; and he proposes a scheme of reconstruction, of which the principal feature is the division of the capital into two cities and nine boroughs, with distinct, yet cognate, administrations.

Mr. Mitchell, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., &c., commiserating the wretchedness which Londoners have to endure in the shape of muddy and rotten roads, has written a brief account of *A New Mode of Constructing the Surface of the Streets and Thoroughfares of London and other Great Cities* (Stanford), by which, he affirms, the expense of maintenance and repair will be much lessened, and mud and dust will be greatly diminished. Originally a pupil of Telford's, and lately General Inspector of Roads and Bridges in the northern counties of Scotland, Mr. Mitchell must be allowed to have had great experience in the branch of engineering to which he directs his attention in this pamphlet. He proposes to retain the macadamized roads, but to bind the metal together by an admixture of Roman and Portland cement. This plan it appears has been tried with success; and certainly, if Mr. Mitchell can rescue us from slushy and uneven roads, he will deserve a statue and a civic crown.

Mr. Frederick Edwards, junior, has printed a third and cheaper edition of his *Treatise on Smoky Chimneys, their Cure and Prevention* (Hardwicke); and a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Royal College of Physicians has published some remarks *On the Scientific Investigation of Disease in Animals and Man* (Harrison), suggested by the cattle-plague, yet of more general application, and in which he expresses an opinion that Government might do more than it does in the collection of facts bearing on the great principles of hygiene.

We have received two pamphlets on the cholera—one, by Mr. Frederick Smith, a homœopathist, *On the Duty of Presenting Petitions to the Privy Council and Parliament* (of course in favour of the system of Dr. Hahnemann); the other by Dr. William Bayes, consisting simply of *Plain Directions for the Treatment of Cholera and Epidemic Diarrhea, and for their Prevention*: both issued by Henry Turner & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London and Manchester. It is probable that all danger of cholera is over for the present year; but the experience of former years leads us to expect a more serious visitation next summer. On this account, it is as well that we should lose no time in collecting information and comparing notes on so grave a question.

Mr. Robert Arthur Ward, Solicitor of Serjeants' Inn, and author of a work on "Investments," favours the mercantile public with some *Notes on Joint-Stock Companies* (Effingham Wilson), in which he warns the uninitiated against a hasty and inconsiderate investment of their money in new undertakings promoted under the Limited Liability Acts, some of which are very unsafe, though promising large dividends to speculators who trust in them. Mr. Ward recommends people who propose to run any considerable risk in this way, to consult beforehand one of those numerous solicitors who now pay particular attention to these subjects.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Optical Defects of the Eye. By J. Zachariah Laurence, F.R.C.S. (Hardwicke).—In this volume, the Editor of the *Ophthalmic Review* has set before his readers the leading principles of Ophthalmic surgery. We do not think the volume was wanted, for the science of eye-doctoring has already a rather bulky literature; still, as it is in most respects clearly written, and is brought up to the present condition of Ophthalmic surgery, we can recommend it to the profession. The chapters devoted to the physiology of vision are those which call for more censure than any others which the book contains. Although the writer contends for recent doctrines, he writes in so violent a spirit of partiality that one is apt to think he relies too strongly upon authorities, and has too little regard for the test of reason. This is especially evidenced in the paragraphs upon the subject of accommodation, in which the corneal theory and its advocate, Dr. Lawson, are dismissed in the most summary fashion. Still, on the whole, Mr. Laurence's work is a useful one, and deserves the attention of Ophthalmic surgeons.

Marian; or, the Light of Some One's Home. A Tale of Australian Bush Life. By Maud Jean Franc. (Darton & Hodge).—The fact of this story being now in its third edition is in itself a great testimony to its attractiveness. It is a tale of the daily experiences of a family of settlers in the Australian "bush," pleasantly told, and presenting many vivid pictures of natural scenery and wild life. Mr. Burton, the head of the family chiefly concerned in the progress of the narrative, is a man of rough, genial manners, with a wife superior to himself in refinement, and a family of growing sons and daughters, who combine the cultivation of the Old Country with the freedom of the wilds. The eldest son, Allen, falls in love with the young English governess, Miss Herbert; and she reciprocates his affection. But bush people, it seems, are not generally religious, and Marian Herbert is very religious; so, as Allen does not come up to her ideal

of what a Christian should be, she provisionally refuses him—refuses him, that is to say, until he can declare that he is an altered man. By what steps he arrives at that altered condition we need not relate; let it suffice to say that he wins his bride, and is happy. There are other pairs of lovers in the story, and there is the pathetic incident of the death from consumption of poor Julie, Allen's petted sister; but the chief interest gathers around Allen himself and Marian. The tone of the book is sometimes a little conventional and sentimental; yet the story on the whole is attractive, and just the very thing to please a large circle of readers.

Parisiana; or, 'Tis He, the Modern Cæsar. By "Civilian." (Smart & Allen).—This is the most extraordinary jumble in the shape of a book we ever examined. It consists of a mass of quotations, from books, from newspapers, from Reviews (our own included), from English sources and from French, mixed with a certain amount of original writing which, in its straggling and untidy character, seems to have caught the characteristics of the surrounding chaos. The text is plentifully bespattered with Latin phrases and classical quotations, and the author seems desirous of being considered at once a "fast" man and a scholar. At any rate, in the midst of his rather cheap and showy learning, there is the air of one knowing in the affairs of life. The object of the book is not very clear. He says in his preface (which he affectingly calls the "Avant Courier") that he wishes to give the world an impartial account of the present Emperor of the French—an account which shall be neither a piece of servility nor a caricature. Such a work is certainly very much needed, though it is more than doubtful whether it could possibly be produced at present, or until some time after the death of the extraordinary man who has so baffled political calculations, and so astonished, excited, alarmed, and in some quarters irritated, the Powers and peoples of Europe. But, if the author really sought to paint a truthful portrait of Napoleon III., it is strange that he should put on his cover a pantomimically grotesque figure of his hero tricked out in the costume of Julius Cæsar, and that he should have written his biography, or essay, or whatever it should be called, in a style of slangy smartness. The work is a failure, from whatever point of view we look at it. It is a common-place-book of slips and cuts-out, often lugged in in the most slovenly way, and, while certainly valueless, is hardly entertaining. A great many pages are devoted to the recent spread of horse-racing in France; and this might make the volume attractive to sporting men, only that the matter is simply a reproduction of what has already appeared in the newspapers. "Civilian" has failed to cast any light on the great political problem of the day.

Beeton's Book of Burlesques. By W. Brough and F. C. Burnand. Illustrated. (S. O. Beeton).—Messrs. Brough and Burnand—two of our most lively and successful burlesque-writers—have composed five travesties for performance in "the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room," and Mr. Beeton has printed them in a neat little shilling volume, "with directions for scenery and costume," and a few grotesque cuts which may give a hint to amateur performers. The subjects are—"Robin Hood;" "Phaeton, or Pride must have a Fall;" "Orpheus, or the Magic Lyre;" "Sappho, or Look before you Leap;" and "Boadicea the Beautiful, or Harlequin Julius Cæsar and the Delightful Druid." They are all smartly and pleasantly written, and will doubtless afford a world of amusement in many happy homes this coming Christmas. As regards drawing-room performance, however, we are rather doubtful about the pantomime at the end. A burlesque is all very well in a drawing-room, but a pantomime is not so easily managed, nor is it exactly desirable to turn Master Jacky into a Clown, nor Miss Laura into a Columbine.

Lectures on the German Mineral Waters, and on their Rational Employment. By Sigismund Sutro, M.D., M.R.C.P. Lond., &c. (Longmans & Co.).—We have here the second edition of a work published some years ago, and we are therefore exonerated from the duty of subjecting it to any elaborate examination. It consists of a very minute account of all the German mineral waters, with remarks on their adaptability to particular complaints, followed by an Appendix relative to the principal spas and climatic resorts of Europe generally (including our own country), and to the comparative healthiness of the various suburbs of London. Dr. Sutro has also some interesting observations on the influence of habitual railway travelling on the health. This he regards as pernicious in many cases and in many ways; and we are afraid that every-day experience confirms his words. The volume has been somewhat altered from the first edition, and contains a fund of valuable matter well arranged.

The Leisure Hour, the Sunday at Home, and the Cottager and Artisan, for 1865. (Religious Tract Society).—The yearly volumes of these popular and well-conducted periodicals lie on our table. They present their usual attractions of tales, essays, sketches, &c., profusely and excellently illustrated, and pervaded by a religious spirit.

We have also received Vol. VII. of Mr. Dyce's edition of *Shakespeare* (Chapman & Hall);—Mr. Henry Mainwaring Sladen's work on *The County Courts Equitable Jurisdiction Act*, with the Orders, Rules, Forms, and other Matters relating thereto, and Copious Notes and References (Wildy & Sons)—a very handy and useful volume;—No. II. of the *Mayflower Miscellany* (Adams & Francis);—and No. VIII. of the *Anti-Teapot Review* (Houlston & Wright).

MOXON'S "MINIATURE POETS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—An announcement has gone what is termed "the round of the press," to the effect that Mr. Samuel Lucas is about to edit the future volumes of our "Miniature Poets." As this is entirely erroneous, will you permit us to contradict it in your columns, and to observe that where the selections are made from the works of living poets, they are edited by the authors? In the case of deceased writers, the task of prefacing and arrangement is entrusted to gentlemen whose knowledge of and taste for the writings of the various authors

whose works are to be selected from give a guarantee for the success of their labours.

It is in pursuance of this principle that Mr. Lucas has undertaken to prepare a selection from the poems of the late Thomas Hood for our series, and to edit a "people's edition" of his serious and comic verse, particulars of which will be shortly announced.—Yours, &c.,

EDW. MOXON & Co.

44, Dover-street, Piccadilly, London, W., Nov. 14th, 1865.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

WE have reasons for knowing that the French Emperor has at last despatched to the English editor and translator some portion of the second volume of his "Life of Cæsar," which will be printed forthwith. The complete volume, however, will in all probability not be published here until early in the new year.

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, the author of "Mary Barton," will be heard of with deep regret by readers of all grades and ranks. But few writers in modern times could count upon so wide a circle of friends. In the weekly serial which cheers the cottager's Saturday evening, or in the purple volume which lies on the drawing-room table of fashionable society, her writings were equally read, and equally admired. It is said that "she had been for some time in not very good health, and, attributing the fact to over-work, had been spending a holiday in Italy, whence she had but just returned to devote herself anew to literary labour. Nothing, however, had induced her friends to suppose that she was suffering from any serious illness, and, as late as six o'clock on the evening of Sunday last, the day on which she died, she had been writing and reading in the midst of her family, apparently in better health and spirits." The deceased lady, the wife of a Unitarian minister residing in Manchester, was born about the year 1822. Her first work, "Mary Barton," a picture of Manchester life among the working classes, appeared anonymously in 1848. It is said that at this period it had been suggested to her to endeavour to divert her mind from a deep household sorrow by the exercise of her imagination in the composition of a work of fiction, and that "Mary Barton" was then written on the backs of letters and other scraps of paper that fell in her way, probably with no intention of publication, and certainly with no hope of fame. A little Christmas book, "Moorland Cottage," was her next publication, and in 1852 appeared another novel, called "Ruth"—not a very pleasant, although at the time it was conceived to be a true, picture of some opposite classes of English society. Numerous contributions to *Household Words*, under the title of "Cranford"; another novel entitled "North and South," with pictures of society in Lancashire; and more recently a "Life of Charlotte Brontë, author of 'Jane Eyre,'" with "Round the Sofa," 2 vols.; "Right at Last," and some Sketches in the *Cornhill Magazine*,—constitute the principal works from the pen of this lady since the publication of "Ruth." Mrs. Gaskell died at the comparatively early age of 43.

Another old building in the neighbourhood of London, historic from its associations, has within the past few days been doomed to destruction. The fine old red brick house in Orbell's-buildings, Kensington, as it was called when Sir Isaac Newton occupied the premises, but Pitt's-buildings in after years, has auctioneers' bills upon its gates. One advertises the sale of the furniture; the other the bricks and woodwork of the house itself, which is to be pulled down forthwith for the contemplated improvements in the locality. In this house Sir Isaac Newton died in March, 1727. In later years, other notable personages resided there.

Why are not the skulls of our great or noted men allowed to rest in peace? For years, two or three seedy professors of phrenology have been wandering over the country with rival Oliver Cromwell skulls; and, from the stories told in magazines and biographies, we may conclude that one of these lecturing-professors in all probability actually possesses the skull of the great Protector. Charles I.'s head is said to be treasured up by an Englishman. *Notes and Queries* will inform our readers concerning the missing heads of other notabilities, and now we are told that Ben Jonson's skull has "found its way into the possession of a private individual, from whom efforts are being made to recover it by Dr. King, President of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society." This hawking about of great men's skulls ought to be stopped. If any good purpose were to be served, a proper cast might be taken, but, that done, the last remains of the men we style "great" should be laid to rest in decency.

"The History of the Gipsies, since their first appearance among the Nations of the West," which Mr. Pinkerton, F.S.A., F.A.S.L., has been for some time compiling from entirely new and original sources,—showing the presence in Europe of gipsies long before the time generally stated—will have to extend its researches across the Atlantic. Four thousand miles of ocean, it was thought, would be a sufficient barrier to deter these outcasts from attempting the journey; but travellers from the Far West—the Rocky Mountains, and California districts—inform us that even there they have made their appearance, as pot-menders, hawkers, and hangers on upon the skirts of back-woods civilization. A paragraph from New Jersey now states that a tribe of English Gipsies has just appeared in that State, near Trenton, "where they support themselves in the traditional fashion, by telling fortunes and plundering hen-roosts." Their number is said to be so large as to require twenty-six waggons for the transportation of the wives, children, and baggage. On the Pacific coast it is a common practice for persons of any station to cross over to the Sandwich Islands, and a trip still further to China or Japan is no unusual thing. It would be curious if the Gipsies in this way should eventually find themselves back again in Asia—from whence, judging by their language, proverbs, and certain peculiar customs, it is believed they originally came.

In Messrs. MOXON's new catalogue of publications we note that the first page is occupied by a woodcut just designed by the veteran George Cruikshank. It represents the famed Parnassus, with Fame on the top, blowing through a good-sized trumpet. Apollo, we had always understood, occupied the hill, but the ancient mythology was probably thrown on one side for a more modern one. On the sides are what we suppose were intended for poets, although the whole composition rather resembles a picture of some merry excursionists at Greenwich Hill on a Whit-Monday than an allegorical representation of our modern bards wending their way up the imaginary ascent. Some university men, in gowns and caps, appear in a very unpoetic attitude, half way up; and a person on a ladder below looks more like a dustman of an inquiring mind than that poet we all picture to ourselves with flowing ringlets and an "eye in a fine frenzy rolling." The whole composition appears a piece of "chaff" or caricature upon poets and poetry, and therefore we marvel somewhat at finding it on the first page of this interesting little catalogue issued by the poets' favourite publishing house. As, however, it contains some very interesting announcements of books in preparation, we shall present our readers with the titles of some of the more notable next week.

Mr. Job Caudwell, publisher, of the Strand, who sells similar works to those issued by the Fowlers of New York, waited upon Mr. Vaughan, the Bow-street police-magistrate, last Tuesday, to prefer a complaint against a person calling himself Robert D. Lalor, M.D., for issuing a book with the title of the "Home Doctor," the same bearing upon the title-page the subscription, "London, Job Caudwell, 333, Strand, W.C.," as if it had been published by him. Mr. Caudwell had never given permission for the use of his name, and the court considered with him that it was a most impudent assumption of his name. From the evidence it appeared that in one part of the book the reader was warned against eating bread or drinking water, the former being scouted as the "staff of death rather than the staff of life," and alcoholic drinks were recommended as conducive to longevity. Now Mr. Caudwell is known for his strong adherence to temperance, and even vegetarianism, and therefore such a book bearing his name would ill come from his house; therefore he begged the magistrate to punish the man for forgery. This Mr. Vaughan said he could not do, but he advised him to bring an action, or apply to the Court of Chancery.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL are preparing to publish—"The Gay Science, being Essays towards the Science of Criticism," by E. S. Dallas, 2 vols.; "A Selection from the Poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," 1 vol., with a portrait and engraving of Casa Guidi; "Robert Dalby and his World of Troubles, being the Early Days of a Connoisseur," 1 vol.; "Won by a Head," a new novel, by Alfred Austin, 3 vols.; &c.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD & SONS will publish a new novel, in 3 vols., entitled, "Ralph Darnell," by Captain Meadows Taylor, M.R.I.A., author of "Confessions of a Thug," &c.

A new novel, by Miss Agnes Strickland, author of the "Lives of the Queens of England," entitled "How will It End?" will be published this week, in 3 vols., by Mr. BENTLEY.

MESSRS. J. H. & J. PARKER have in the press Dr. Pusey's reply to Dr. Manning, entitled "The Church of England, a Portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a Means of Restoring Visible Unity," in a Letter to the Author of the "Christian Year;" also "Godly Meditations upon the Most Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," by Christopher Sutton, D.D., late prebend of Westminster; "The Calendar of the Prayer-book" (comprising the first portion of the calendar of the Anglican Church, illustrated, enlarged, and corrected), with upwards of 60 engravings from mediæval works of art; "The Early Christian and Mediæval Antiquities of Rome," by Henry Parker, illustrated by numerous woodcuts; "Doomsday Book, or the Great Survey of England by William the Conqueror, A.D., 1086," a literal translation of the part relating to Oxfordshire, with introduction, &c.; and numerous other works.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. have added to their list of new works in preparation, "Ethics of Dust, being Ten Lectures to Little Housewives," by John Ruskin; "The Conflict of Good and Evil in Our Day," by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, &c.

MESSRS. MOXON & Co. will publish shortly, "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Tennyson, illustrated by Arthur Hughes; Poems, by Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, with some never before published; "Cowl and Cap," and other Poems, by William Fulford, M.A.; Poems by the late Edmund T. Armstrong, of Trinity College, Dublin; with a memorial preface, one thick vol.; "Lyrical Fancies," by S. H. Bradbury; "Ephemera," by Helen and Gabrielle Carr (Lady Page Wood and Mrs. Steele), illustrated by the former, 2nd edition; "Chastelard, a Tragedy," by Algernon C. Swinburne, &c.

MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS will publish shortly, in oblong folio, printed on large paper, "Follies of the Year," by John Leech, being a series of coloured etchings from Punch's Pocket-Books, 1844 to 1864, with some notes by Shirley Brooks.

In addition to the works noticed in our last as about to be published by Mr. BENTLEY, we may announce—A new Series (the third) of the "Curiosities of Natural History," by Frank Buckland, 2 vols., post 8vo., with illustrations; "The Ingoldsby Legends" (the Carmine edition), an edition in small 8vo., with coloured border, and six illustrations by George Cruikshank; and "The Breakfast Book," a Book for the Morning Meal, by the author of "Everybody's Pudding Book."

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have in the press for publication during the present and next month—"Genesis and its Authorship," Two Dissertations on the Import of the Introductory Chapters of the Book of Genesis, on the Use of the Names of God in the Book of Genesis, and on the Unity of its Authorship, by the Rev. J. Quarry, Prebendary of Cloyne; "The Hebrew Prophets," translated afresh from the Original Tongues, with constant reference to the Anglican